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THE BLOODIEST CHAPTER in the long history of the Southern mill workers' fight for a good life was written on September 14 when Ella May Wiggins, twenty-nine and the mother of five children, who had been employed in a Gastonia, North Carolina, cotton mill sixty hours a week for $9, was murdered in broad daylight by a mob of mill officials and employees who fired into an unarmed group of workers on their way to a union meeting. The full story of the murder and other recent events in Gastonia is told elsewhere in this issue. The responsibility for the tragedy rests chiefly upon the police of Gastonia and of Gaston County, who had had ample warning days in advance that the "Black Hundred" of the mill owners would stop the meeting on September 14 by force; and in no small degree upon Gastonia's only daily paper, the *Gazette,* which has repeatedly encouraged mob violence against the Communists by its articles and editorials. It is idle for Governor Gardner to say in a proclamation that "Under our system of government the law is supreme." In Gastonia the law is supreme only when it coincides with the wishes of the anti-Communist forces. If the Gastonia authorities had had their way the Communists and strikers charged with the killing of Police Chief Aderholt would have been tried before a prejudiced jury in an atmosphere of hysteria and hate, and sent to the electric chair. If the strike leaders and their followers had not carried guns some of them would have been lynched long ago; and yet, when they procured guns for defense, the police arrested them for "conspiracy to overthrow the government," and later released them for lack of evidence. When the property of the mill owners was mildly threatened at the beginning of the strike five companies of the National Guard were rushed to Gastonia; when the mill strikers were terrorized by armed gangs they had to defend themselves alone. When Chief Aderholt was killed while entering strikers' property without a legal warrant the authorities arrested about sixty strikers and held sixteen for first-degree murder without bail; when Ella May Wiggins was killed they held seven on second-degree murder and manslaughter charges in $1,000 bail, which was promptly furnished by the manager of the Manville-Jenckes mill. If this is law and order, give us anarchy.

THE TARIFF FIGHT is warming up, with the Democrats and Progressives attacking the bill as a "legislative monstrosity" and a "program of special interests," and Senator Smoot and his followers defending it as just what President Hoover wants and something without which the country must expect to go to the dogs. Going to the dogs means, of course, that if the bill is not passed the sacred policy of protection will be jeopardized and domestic goods and other products will not be marked up on a cost-plus-tariff basis. As the administrative provisions of the bill are to be discussed first, we may expect the iniquities of those provisions to be pretty well exposed, but a tariff debate is likely to take in almost anything in sight, and we shall probably hear a good deal about how the duties have been juggled before the schedules of rates are actually reached. Just what Mr. Hoover thinks of the bill is not yet clear, but Mr. Hoover has been very much occupied with the Shearer scandal, Ramsay MacDonald's visit, and the choice of a politician who can be counted upon to keep the Republican fences in the South in good repair for the Congressional elections in 1930 and the general election of 1932, and he will doubtless get around to the tariff later. Meanwhile the agricultural and lumber interests have let it be known that they do not altogether like the Smoot-Hawley bill, and Senator Brookhart of Iowa, who mounted the Hoover bandwagon in 1928 without a quiver, has announced that the bill shall not have his vote unless it offers more protection to the farmers. It would be a fine thing if, out of the battle of the pros and the cons, the country should escape with no new tariff at all.

CLAUDIUS HART HUSTON of Chattanooga, Tennessee, chairman of the Transcontinental Oil Company, director of the International Germanic Trust Company of New York, sometime Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce, and now, by the grace of Mr. Hoover, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is out to hold the Republicans of the South in line for the Presidential election of 1932, and will tackle the job in

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earnest as soon as he has divested himself of his various business interests. The South is to have from 53 to 100 more delegates in the Republican convention in 1932 than it had in 1928, the exact number depending upon whether or not the delegates are apportioned according to the new Congressional apportionment act. The ground of hope, according to a statement by Mr. Huston, is the fact that the South "has shown that it is gradually turning to the Republican Party due to the growth of that region industrially and its dependence on protective principles." A good deal would seem to depend, therefore, upon the fate of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, but it will be strange if the judicious allotment of some millions of federal money in aid of the Southern cotton growers does not help some. What with considerable unpleasantness in Republican circles in Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, and Mississippi, and the burden of paying some attention to the Rt. Rev. James Cannon, Jr., and his prohibition friends, Mr. Huston has his task cut out for him.

WITH NO FLOURISH of trumpets and with no illusions about the difficulty of its monumental task the League for Independent Political Action has been created by 100 leading teachers, labor leaders, editors, and social workers, headed by Professor John Dewey of Columbia University, with the purpose of building the foundation of a new political party in this country. Its fundamental thesis is:

> The way out of the present political dilemma would seem to be for economic progressives to leave the old parties, where they are unable effectively to determine policy and where they largely cancel each other, and to help build up another party which would become for this country what the British Labor Party is for England.

The new league stands for public ownership of public utilities, old-age pensions, unemployment and health insurance, high progressive taxes on incomes and inheritances, the breaking down of tariff barriers, the abolition of injunctions in labor disputes, and the removal of the economic and political causes of war. It aims to unite the progressive and radical groups already in the field which are striving to accomplish these objects democratically. In past years third parties have often failed because they were created hurriedly in response to a sudden wave of resentment against a temporary grievance, only to collapse when the price of wheat went up or when some important leader died. If this new movement can base itself upon more solid ground, every American progressive who realizes the futility of the old political parties will wish it well.

THE CONCILIATORS of the United States Department of Labor are paid by taxpayers to settle disputes between capital and labor, and by virtue of their position are supposed to be absolutely impartial in their decisions and in their public utterances. Not so Charles G. Wood, who has consistently used his office and the official stationery of his department in recent months to attack Communist and near-Communist labor organizations. At the beginning of the cotton-mill strike in Gastonia, North Carolina, he issued to the press a denunciation of the strike leaders and said that it was impossible for employers to deal with them. His statement was reproduced under enormous headlines in the Southern press and was probably responsible for some of the bitterness and violence against the Communists in Gastonia. Recently Mr. Wood discovered that a number of shoe manufacturers in New York City had signed agreements with a left-wing union known as the Independent Shoe Workers' Union of Greater New York, headed by a Communist, Fred G. Biedenkapp. On his official stationery Mr. Wood wrote to these manufacturers attacking Mr. Biedenkapp as "an alien" and "a very active enemy of our form of government," and then went on to say: "It is desirable that employers who voluntarily or involuntarily signed an agreement purporting to bind them to recognize this Communist organization [the Independent Shoe Workers' Union] and give employment only to persons belonging to it withdraw forthwith from participation in it." Is it possible that an official conciliator of the United States government will be allowed to retain his position after publicly urging employers to violate their solemn agreements with labor organizations? Incidentally, Mr. Biedenkapp declares that he has been a citizen of the United States for twenty-two years.

AFTER TWO MONTHS of haggling the unofficial war on the Manchurian border between China and Russia has become a sorry muddle. Nanking says that the Russians have invaded China and Moscow says that the Chinese have invaded Russia, and evidently they are both right. The only thing that is saving the world from a first-class war is that neither nation considers the stakes quite worthy of such a conflict. Without the support of the Western Powers China finds herself in a hopeless position, but is not yet willing to admit her blunder in seizing the Chinese Eastern Railway because such an admission would cause so much loss of face that the Chiang Kai-shek regime might immediately perish. In spite of the growling in Moscow against intervention by the League of Nations, the responsibility for the next move toward arbitration lies with the League, even if that move consists of nothing but some loud and earnest talking. At this critical moment it might even be possible by a little shrewd negotiation for the United States and the leading Powers of the League to give Nanking a face-saving concession toward the abolition of extraterritorial rights as compensation for her humiliation in Manchuria. Foreign Minister Wang has again asked the Powers to renounce their extraterritorial rights, and it now appears that Secretary Stimson's refusal, described in *The Nation* of August 28, was not a flat one, since he indicated his willingness to discuss conditions. If the League of Nations agenda committee would show a little more respect for Chinese dignity and reverse its recent vote against considering the extraterritorial treaties, the Chinese might modify their pugnacious policy in Manchuria.

EUGENE PICK, who also traveled under a handsome variety of aliases, has just been convicted of forgery in Shanghai, and incidental to his conviction he has boasted somewhat of his previous record. He had worked for the British secret service and for the French; he had also written a series of articles, first appearing in the *North China Daily News* and later as a book, entitled "China in the Grip of the Reds." He exposed—or invented—lurid details of Bolshevik plots and plans in China. For all that, of course, he went scot-free, and the police admired him; but when he was rash enough to forge the United States con-

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sular seal he got into trouble. The incident recalls recent disclosures in Germany—first, a pair of crooks, patriotic anti-Bolsheviks according to some and notorious profiteers in patriotism according to others, were discovered practicing the profitable profession of manufacturers of sinister "Bolshevik documents." They too had gone too far; they produced documents purporting to prove that Senator Borah and Senator Norris were in the pay of the Bolsheviks! Next, a whole series of bombings were traced to the "German Fascisti," to the super-patriots instead of to the world revolutionaries. In the face of such disclosures on the two sides of the world, it is natural that people are skeptical of the recent efforts of the Chinese Government to prove Bolshevik conspiracies by a new series of lurid "seized documents."

IN GENERAL THIS PAPER is not opposed to progress. The Machine Age and the Advance of Science have our approval, provided they do not go too far. But an announcement that came from the convention of the American Chemical Society in Minneapolis the other day causes us to rise in our seats and protest. Before the eyes of the assembled chemists Dr. K. F. Bonhoeffer of Berlin demonstrated that hydrogen, known from the dawn of history as an element, was actually reducible to two component parts, which he called para-hydrogen and orthohydrogen. We will not trouble our readers by a recital of the laboratory process by which Dr. Bonhoeffer achieved his results; we have no desire to see the process repeated by anyone. For us hydrogen will remain an element, and if the textbooks of chemistry are to be changed to say that it is not, as the Chemical Society convention predicted would be the case, no such amended textbooks will find a place in our library. We must draw the line somewhere. There is no telling where revolutionary notions like that of Dr. Bonhoeffer will lead one; if hydrogen is not an element, neither perhaps is gold or silver, or oxygen or nitrogen; perhaps water is not wet, perhaps ice is not cold or fire hot. Perhaps a bar of iron, if brought forcibly into contact with the human head, will not produce a dent; perhaps a man, if he hurls himself from a tenth story window, will ascend rapidly into the ether instead of alighting more or less uncomfortably on the street below.

SIX MILES A MINUTE is the latest breath-taking record of speed for airplane flights. Before this sentence is read the record may be bettered, and evidently change in the figures upward is to be steady and swift. The Graf Zeppelin has circled the earth at an average speed of more than sixty miles an hour. The Bremen crosses the Atlantic in less than five days. Everywhere motorists disregard with impunity signs which tell them: "Incorporated Village of Xville. Speed limit 20 miles," and even in the crowded streets of New York City traffic races up or down Park Avenue often at thirty-five miles an hour. Cars are driven faster than they used to be; where once we heard of the dare-devil who ventured on a few moments of speeding at a mile a minute, we have now sober-minded men and women who confess to an average and sustained pace of nearly that and who are continuing, in spite of it, to live on toward a healthy old age. All this seems a far cry from the days, about a century ago, when God was being invoked to hurl his thunderbolts at the blasphemers who mocked Him by traveling on the steam railroads at the unholy speed of twelve miles an hour. And the end is not in sight. We do not blink at any improbable tale of swiftness, either on earth, air, or water. If a company were organized to shoot busy executives from the mouth of a comfortably upholstered cannon through the atmosphere to the front lawns of their country estates, we have no doubt that the stock would be sold in record time. But when space is annihilated, we shall still have time on our hands. There is still the problem, posed by the Japanese who was told that the New York subway would save him ten minutes: "What shall I do with them?"

THE MOST DISTASTEFUL JOB anybody has to do is to admit he is wrong. When you are an editor—as, heaven help us, we are—and are supposed to be omniscient, the job is doubly dolorous. It is with a feeling of nausea, therefore, that we contemplate last week's issue with the editorial paragraph on the New Orleans carmen's strike staring at us in unrelenting black and white. In that paragraph we said that the strike had been settled on the strikers' terms. There were two slight errors in that statement: (1) The terms were *not* those demanded by the strikers; (2) the strike was *not* settled. If there were any other mistakes in the statement we are sure that our best friends will tell us within the week. What actually happened was that terms for settling the strike were agreed to by representatives of the union and the company at a conference in New York City with William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Father John O'Grady of the Catholic University of America. The strikers themselves, when the agreement was put before them for a vote, were so inconsiderate as to reject it, leaving New Orleans nothing to do but walk and *The Nation* nothing to say but "Our error." We have looked all around the shop for somebody upon whom to blame our mistake, thinking hopefully of the office boy and the cat. But we learn that the office boy is on his vacation and there is no cat. So there's nothing left but to apologize. We hereby do.

THE MALE TORSO is making a desperate fight for respectability at Laguna Beach, California, and latest reports from the front and rear are hopeful. The trouble started when a few gentlemen sun-worshipers abandoned their uppers to acquire the priceless and popular sun tan, and were promptly haled before the local judge who suggested that they contribute to the city's coffers. One prisoner was stubborn and ungenerous. He demanded a jury trial and got it, whereupon the middle-aged ladies of the jury united with the men in declaring that the Louvre was the place for such things. Aroused, the bathers of Laguna Beach raised a fund with which to carry a test case to the higher courts. Meanwhile something had to be done to circumvent the easily shocked local police who infest all of the southern California beaches. Harry Kingman, secretary of the University of California Young Men's Christian Association, was unofficially appointed Chief Sun-Tan Bootlegger to fight the prohibition on sunshine. He justified the fondest dreams of his admirers by producing a pair of Christianized suspenders, very broad in the straps with a circular extension on the southern front. The police are happy, but the sun-worshipers are not quite content. Adam, they maintain, didn't have to wear suspenders even after he fell.

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The Shipbuilders and Shearer

THE power of the President to make an issue of anything which he selects, to concentrate the attention of the country wherever he chooses to direct it, has been strikingly illustrated in connection with the activities of William B. Shearer in opposition to naval reduction. All the facts upon which Mr. Hoover based his statement to the Washington correspondents on September 6 had been printed a couple of weeks earlier, but in spite of their sensational character they were buried inconspicuously amidst a glut of other news, and no effort seems to have been made to follow up the scandal, not even to the extent of asking the accused shipbuilding companies if Mr. Shearer's charges were true. Even when, just before the President spoke, Senator Borah asked that the Naval Affairs Committee investigate the Shearer charges, the newspapers gave only small notice on the inside pages to the demand, while Senator Borah himself was so doubtful of the success of his plea that at the time he made it he said in case of failure to act in the quarter to which he appealed, he would ask his own committee on Foreign Relations to make an inquiry.

Then, lo, the President spoke, and Mr. Shearer became the front-page sensation of the month. Newspapers and their readers had a new hare to hunt, and have been exhibiting some of the same naivete and unreason in the chase that they showed in the sanctified horror with which they greeted the news a few months earlier that the power interests had acquired ownership in a group of influential daily journals. We find people talking and writing about propaganda as if it were something wicked in itself and a new kind of danger in the world. It happens, of course, that propaganda is merely argument and is as old as Adam—or more correctly, perhaps, as Eve. As we said last week, there is nothing objectionable in propaganda as such, whether engaged in directly and without pay "for the benefit of the cause," or whether done as a business for somebody else with his funds. We may regard any given propaganda as mischievous or absurd, but we cannot legitimately ask for its suppression unless we abandon the American doctrine of free speech. Our whole civilization is built on propaganda. It is the essence of our newspapers, political parties, and a large proportion of our miscellaneous organizations. Advertising and salesmanship, the twin foundations of competitive industry, are undisguised propaganda. They entail large waste and much lying, but we can't do without them until we become intelligent enough to scrap the industrial system of which they are an inseparable part.

Let us get it straight, then, that the sole point of attack against Mr. Shearer and the three shipbuilding firms whose game he played at the Geneva conference for the limitation of naval armament was the secrecy of the propaganda. We find it laughable when that staunch big-navy newspaper, the New York *Herald Tribune,* says editorially: "Propaganda by any manufacturer of arms should be prohibited." And why? If it is legitimate to use arms, it is legitimate to manufacture them; and if it is legitimate to manufacture them, it is legitimate to manufacture as large a supply as possible and make as much money out of the business as can be made. Why should a shipbuilding firm be forbidden to propagandize for bigger and more expensive armament any more than a steel manufacturer should be stopped from sending a representative to Washington to argue before committees of Congress in favor of a higher tariff on his product?

Some of Mr. Shearer's charges are disputed by his employers, but the shipbuilders admit enough to stand condemned. They admit hiring and secretly using a man who was a known big-navy advocate with the ability to get articles and interviews into print. That they sent such a man to Geneva, as they say, simply as an observer, we refuse to believe. It is probably true that he received no explicit instructions to fight disarmament; he didn't need any. His mere employment by the shipbuilding companies is proof of a mutual understanding as to what he was to do. On the other hand, Mr. Shearer's charges against naval officers are vague. The Senate's inquiry ought to go searchingly into this aspect.

Undoubtedly much of the outcry against Mr. Shearer and the companies which hired him is due to the specially dangerous character of his meddling. He was playing not merely with profits, but with countless human lives. Men can hardly embark on a more important enterprise than an international conference to reduce the horrors of war, and to poison the atmosphere of such a gathering is as serious a crime as any one can commit. Yet even so Mr. Shearer's propaganda would have been comparatively harmless had it been known as publicity paid for by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, and the American Brown-Boveri Electric Corporation. We do not decry the public outburst against this contemptible piece of meddling, but we would direct present indignation not against propaganda, or paid propaganda, or propaganda by armament makers, but against *secrecy*. Mr. Shearer not only appeared at Geneva under false colors as a "naval expert" personally and patriotically opposed to naval reduction by the United States, but he specifically lied about his situation; when taxed with representing armament interests by L. V. Gordon of the Church Peace Union, Mr. Shearer wrote in reply: "I do not represent any company of any kind."

Yet it will be a trivial outcome of the present indignation if the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate and the public at large are satisfied to make a goat of Mr. Shearer and let it go at that. Mr. Shearer is not an important person—of far less consequence and no more blameworthy than the three companies which hired him. But even they are unfortunate victims which happen merely to have been "caught with the goods." No one familiar with modern publicity methods supposes for a minute that they and the power companies are the only enterprises attempting to advance their interests by secret propaganda. If the Senate inquiry and the present attitude of the public can lead, either through laws or improved business ethics, to reducing the total of our secret propaganda, then the American people might well chip in and pay Mr. Shearer all that he says his ungrateful ex-employers owe him.

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Keep Your Shirt On

FASHION leaders, school principals, beach censors, and the like continue to be agitated over the question of bodily exposure. The conservatives appear to be fighting a losing battle and we confess that we take no more than an intellectual interest in their problems, but we are tired of hearing it said by liberals that the question is one of aesthetics rather than morals. We do not deny that some legs are more ornamental than others; we do not wish to maintain that beauty has nothing to do with the matter; but we do insist that both the moralists and the aestheticians take a superficial view of the subject. It belongs to the realm of political economy, and we propose, if our readers will bear with us, to give a brief outline of our Philosophy of Clothes.

Men and women are distinguished in various ways: Some are rich, some are famous, some are well-born, and some are beautiful. Naturally each person prefers that form of society in which his particular excellence counts for most and naturally, therefore, the rich do all they can to promote the development of a plutocracy while the well-born look with favor upon every custom which tends to emphasize the importance of birth. But physical comeliness, the most immediately apparent of all the possible forms of human excellence, is not the necessary concomitant of any other. Let the millionaire, the philosopher, and the social leader descend to the beach, and they will discover that the social scale has been inverted in the twinkling of any eye. Here their various distinctions count for nothing. All eyes are turned toward the young Apollo who licks stamps for the millionaire and the young Venus who sold Madam that *costume de bain* which, alas, for all its chic, does not contribute enough to the total effect to compensate for her more striking inferiorities. Let her be dressed in her official uniform, give her her pearls and an evening gown which covers as much as it can without confessing a timidity, and she is at least in a position to assert in audible terms her claims to consideration. But on the beach competition is brutally simple and the little salesgirl wins an overwhelming victory.

Now this fact alone is sufficient to make clear the import of our theory, which goes deeper than the assertion commonly made that the human body, in its present deteriorated state, is not comely enough to be exposed with impunity. As a matter of fact a great many individual human bodies are still very lovely indeed, but society as a whole is unwilling to say: "Let each expose as much as he dares and each cover up as much as he thinks advisable," because society as a whole fears to give to beauty any greater advantage in the struggle than it already has. Even now, when custom and law require that the beautiful woman and the handsome man conceal a considerable number of their charms, wealth and blue blood have a sufficiently difficult time maintaining their claims, and if we all ran about stark naked every attractive daughter of the people would be as dangerous to the scions of prominent families as chorus girls now are.

Beauty is democratic. It does not follow wealth or power or position. Indeed it is more than democratic; it is anarchical because it mocks at every distinction except its own and it is no more dangerous to an aristocratic society than it is to one founded upon communistic principles. The commissar becomes as insignificant as the baron beside a pretty face, and would be no less completely extinguished if compelled to mix with a company where those blessed with a more fortunate physical endowment were radiantly nude. Beauty implies nothing else, but it is, all by itself, more than a match for all acquired distinctions. Hence nakedness implies, in more senses than one, a state of nature.

And much as we hate either to side with the puritans or to advocate anything which would aid the plutocrats, we are obliged to confess that there are moments when we are inclined to view with alarm any increase in public nudity. We balance the prospects of any pleasure which we might take in the aesthetic contemplation of the human form against the effect of general nakedness upon the social order, and we hesitate unhappily. For brains, wit, and achievement would suffer a decline in prestige quite as marked as that affecting wealth or position. The poet, the scientist, and the statesman would find it even more difficult than they do today to secure any social recognition when compelled to compete with sweet sixteen and the young athlete. Nor are our fears entirely the result of a disinterested concern for the things of the mind. Naturally we should prefer a society in which editors of liberal weeklies would stand very high indeed, and we are afraid that they would profit little from a general disrobing.

U. S. E.

M. BRIAND'S championship of the idea of a United States of Europe is likely to awaken considerable interest in a proposal which, while visionary enough if looked at as a whole, nevertheless indicates a direction in which Europe may eventually go. The idea is not, of course, original with him. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi started the ball rolling half a dozen years ago with his book "Pan-Europa," and Premier Herriot of France gave the scheme his support several years before M. Briand showed any particular interest in it. M. Briand, however, appears to have thought that the time had come to give the matter a practical turn; and by his speech at the Assembly of the League of Nations, on September 5, and at the luncheon four days later at which "between a pear and a piece of cheese," as he said, the cornerstone of a European union was declared to have been laid, he became the recognized head of a movement with which, ever since the completion of the anti-war pact, he has been particularly identified.

The distinguishing feature of M. Briand's speech was its frank contention that the proposed union must be political as well as economic. Admitting that an economic agreement would be "obviously the most important component" of the "connecting link" which he wished to see forged in the new federal scheme, and affirming his belief that "in the economic sphere an agreement can be reached," he nevertheless insisted that there should be also "a political and social link," although one so contrived, he hastened to add, as "in no way" to "affect the sovereignty of the parties involved." M. Briand, in other words, is out to obtain a real federal union with political as well as economic characteristics and powers.

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The political feature of the project, we venture to think, may be dismissed as of no practical importance. The obstacles to political union in Europe are so many and so obvious that it would be a waste of time even to enumerate them; and while some of them, we hope, may be removed as time goes on, the fundamental difficulties are pretty certain to remain for a very long time. In economic matters, on the other hand, a good deal that would be useful might be done, if governments and peoples were willing, without going far into politics anywhere and without any formal organization labeled with a resounding name.

It would be quite feasible, for example, for states to lower their tariffs on a reciprocal basis and let international trade flow more freely, thereby developing markets for their own products, utilizing their natural resources to better advantage, and freeing themselves from the dependence upon other parts of the world of which many of them now complain. With the progress that has already been made in return to a gold standard it ought to be possible to reduce the number of national currencies—a step which would lift annoying burdens from business and facilitate the operations of exchange. A universal form of postage stamp might not be practicable, but passport regulations could certainly be made more uniform and less vexatious, business documents could be simplified and standardized, and commercial difficulties due to conflicting laws could be appreciably lessened.

A good illustration of what might be done to simplify international relations without infringing upon sovereign rights is already at hand in transportation. The international railway service of Europe, badly disrupted by the war, has been not only restored but considerably extended, and continuous service across frontiers has for some years been regularly maintained. International air transport has long since ceased to be a novelty in Europe and has found no serious difficulty in expanding throughout the Continent and to Africa. The traveler who journeys by railway from the Channel to Constantinople finds such things as customs and passports reduced to a minimum of annoyance, and only slight modifications would be needed in these respects.

One must, of course, take with some grains of salt the protestations of M. Briand and others that a United States of Europe is not being planned as a rival of the United States of America. The evidence, to one who has read the newspapers, looks the other way. It is matter of common knowledge that interest in a European union of some kind (not necessarily the elaborate scheme that M. Briand seems to have in mind) has been immensely stimulated by the aggressive inroads of American commerce and finance, and that American economic penetration of Europe has come to be looked upon as something akin to an invasion against which some defense must be set up. We are all for prosperity when it comes to American business, but if a European union, economic or political or both, could avail to bring the United States to its senses in such a matter as the tariff, it ought to be welcomed with open arms. Anything that would curb the arrogance of the Congressional tariff-makers and their business backers should be looked upon as a national blessing. We hope that M. Briand, accordingly, will go ahead with his plan as far as economic cooperation is concerned, and that the nations of Europe will support him. Political cooperation may be easier when some of the economic obstructions have been cleared away.

Divorce à la Yucatan

A YUCATAN divorce, granted to one party without the appearance or consent of the other, was recently declared illegal by the Mexican Supreme Court. The court held that the decree violated the national constitution and also the Yucatan civil code, which provide that marriage is a contract and hence cannot be dissolved at the request of only one of the parties. This judgment reversed the decision of the Yucatan Supreme Court, but will not be a recognized precedent until it has been followed in four more cases. It is the first time that a Yucatan divorce has been appealed to the federal courts, partly because Yucatan is several days' journey from the capital and almost considers itself sovereign, but no doubt also because relatively few Mexican citizens have availed themselves of the extraordinarily liberal Yucatan laws, notoriously a boon to "gringos." Until very recently, too, divorce was obtained almost as easily in the state of Morelos, immediately adjoining the Federal District. The picturesque town of Cuernavaca, where Lindbergh went a-courting, has always been the fashionable Mexican's week-end home, but since the divorce laws were passed it had become an even more fashionable cosmopolite tourist center, and Morelos decrees were known flippantly as "week-end divorces"; frequently it was added that the institution was a method of stimulating tourist trade.

Certainly both Morelos and Yucatan might almost have advertised their divorce laws along with their ruins and scenic beauties, in railroad and steamship folders, and in Yucatan a foreign woman arriving unescorted was almost immediately approached by a suave, accommodating lawyer. Nearly anywhere in Mexico, however, divorce is obtainable with more ease than in most States on the northern side of the Rio Grande, though as late as 1915 it was not even recognized legally on any grounds. The sudden shift in social viewpoint embodied in the constitution of 1917 was, as regards divorce, theoretically provided to match the advanced social thinking about labor and property forced by the revolution of 1910, and was not in itself the result of mass opinion or mass demand, as has since been demonstrated.

Even with laws under which divorce may be had for the asking, the Mexican aristocracy and bourgeoisie bind themselves indissolubly. Tradition and religion so far have been stronger even than cinema fashions. A few daring members of the ultra-smart set may ultimately follow Dolores del Rio's example, though they would almost certainly squirm a little under the religious and social stigma that divorce implies. Women of the middle classes will continue for a long time to be conservative, because as a rule they cannot cope with hostile opinion and with the still shaky legal standing of their sex, and are furthermore held back by the extreme difficulty of collecting alimony. Men of these classes seldom find a divorce necessary or desirable, and are quite commonly bitter stand-patters on the entire question. The lower classes are little aided or hampered by law in solving their matrimonial difficulties, and the Indian peasant has a code of his own. He could not very well be persuaded in any event to appeal to a court, which he associates inevitably with jail. It frightens him nearly as much as does a hospital.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WITH the exception of the *Telegram* and the *World* the newspapers of New York have been strangely silent in their editorial comment on the Gastonia situation. In the beginning there may have been some reasonable explanation for this. Some of the Communistic propaganda for the accused men and women seemed to me ill-advised and alienating. There was no warrant for attacks upon the presiding judge before the trial began. And after the case came into court his rulings appeared to be wise and fair in practically every instance. The blunder of allowing an incipient lunatic upon the jury cannot be his alone.

But the good people of Gastonia seem to be intent upon building up the case for the accused strike leaders. The State's case, as far as it was revealed, seemed preposterous. There was no apparent evidence linking the prisoners with the dead chief of police. Even so I could not go all the way with radicals who said: "Here is another Sacco-Vanzetti case." After all an officer of the law had been killed by somebody in the tent colony and it was not monstrous that the culprit should be held if he could be identified. In the beginning it seemed to me that murder had been done, although I was just as hazy about the guilty one as the State's witnesses. Now I am persuaded that no conviction ought to be obtained even though some one of the strikers admits that he fired the fatal shot. The actions and temper of Gastonia officials and leading citizens give compelling evidence that a state of war existed in the mill town and that any striker who fired in self-defense had every reason to believe that he was threatened with violence and not due process of law.

We know now beyond a doubt that the officials of Gastonia have been from the beginning no more than the hired musketeers of the mill owners. A favorite device of the conservative press is to deplore the killings and kidnappings in North Carolina with the additional bleat that all concerned are in the wrong. I am willing to be shown that the Communist agitators were the first to strike the note of terror.

Another favorite contention of the conservatives is that Gastonia was a sort of happy valley until outside agitators arrived. It is true that the union was inspired by leaders from the North, but there is nothing reprehensible in this. The town contained a beaten, sullen, sweated group of workers too tired and worn by their daily toil ever to see a way out. I am myself no believer in Communist doctrine or in Communist methods. Quite often the party's activities in the labor field have been to further propaganda rather than to effect the immediate betterment of the workers concerned. It is quite true that many aggressive Reds are desirous of stirring up trouble so that they may prove to the world the injustices and inequalities of the capitalist system. But when men, women, and children work through terrific hours for pittances, when nursing mothers are docked for the few brief minutes which they spend with their children at the company shelter, when aged workers are turned out to starve at a moment's notice it can hardly be said that Communist agitators have fomented trouble.

There was deep cancerous trouble in the Carolina mills before any alien agitator set foot on the premises. It is tragic that the mother of five children should be shot down by an anti-Communist mob, but it is a fantastic perversion of logic to attribute her death to the people who organized the strike. Any woman with five small children to care for does not go bustling off to a strike meeting upon some mere caprice. If there had not been the deadly pressure of a grinding and torturing poverty upon Mrs. Ella May Wiggins she would not have been in the truck with other workers.

Personally I am all for combating communism. At the moment I have no desire whatsoever to see the experiment tried out in America. And the indictment against the mill owners of North Carolina must include the charge of stupidity as well as viciousness. Surely communism cannot be successfully fought by floggings, mob violence, murder, and trumped-up accusations. The men who forced industrial slavery upon the pitiful textile workers of Gastonia have made more converts to communism than the most eloquent orator who ever stood upon a soap-box. The ignorant fools who lashed the kidnapped Reds were putting their backs and shoulders into an effort to promote the spread of aggressive radicals. If a Communist agitator declares that capitalism is a criminal conspiracy to keep the worker in subjection his argument can hardly be undermined by hiring a thug to strike him down.

Of course, the complacent conservative will want to know why the Gastonia labor troubles were not adjusted in the calm and dispassionate manner which has marked much of the dealings between organized capital and the American Federation of Labor. I will not join my Red friends in their scorn for this body. The federation has fought many a good fight. I hope it will fight others. Even within my lifetime its leaders were assailed with most of the epithets now hurled against Communist organizers. But the American Federation of Labor has grown respectable and a little tired. Its lack of energetic missionary work is a proof of its success. By now it has become a sort of club and members reap great benefits. This aristocracy of labor is taking time out to consolidate its gains. If the Communists did not organize the workers of Gastonia, nobody else would.

Most impertinent of all is the Carolina contention that it was wrong for people to come in from the outside to meddle in affairs which did not concern them. North Carolina, say the proud and touchy citizens, is quite capable of taking care of its own problems. But the answer to that is simple. North Carolina didn't. It is silly for a State to shout about honor and dignity when armed mobs are parading openly through its towns crying out that they will lynch a lawyer who has committed no offense except to defend men and women from a seemingly unjust charge of murder. If North Carolina takes a proper pride in its new station among the wealthiest of American commonwealths why did it take no legislative steps to ameliorate the abominable economic conditions in the mills? God help the United States, or any other nation, when the cry of hungry children, the grinding of gaunt men, and the suffering of women can be classed as a local issue.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Maine Wins Its Power Fight

By C. C. NICOLET

Portland, Maine, September 16

MAINE, the country's traditional political barometer, did far more than exhibit its distrust of the Power Trust when, by a majority of 8,000 votes, it voted in its referendum September 9 against the regulated export of hydro-electric power. It voiced a deep-seated and growing resentment against the whole economic tendency of the day toward giant mergers and the combination of widely separated fields of activity under joint management.

For Maine in recent years has been the scene of a daring attempt of a small group of men to obtain control of the press, the banks, and the industries, as well as the water-power, of the State.

This is not primarily a project of Samuel Insull, who controls nearly all of the State's power, although Insull is a vital factor. The two chief figures in the movement are Guy P. Gannett and Walter S. Wyman. Gannett controls the Portland *Press Herald,* the Portland *Evening Express,* the Portland *Sunday Telegram,* the Kennebec *Journal,* the only newspaper in Augusta, the capital, and the Waterville *Sentinel.* These papers have no connection with the Frank Gannett papers of New York. Gannett controls the Fidelity Trust Company of Portland and the Augusta Trust Company of Augusta, two of the leading banks of the State, both of which do an extensive branch bank business, and several smaller but influential banks in other cities. He controls Financial Investments, Inc., recently organized to hold bank stocks. He has a finger in several mills. Wyman is president of the Cumberland County Light and Power Company and the Central Maine Power Company, which control most of the generating and distributing power in the State, and also of the New England Public Service Company, which controls the other two and is in turn a subsidiary of Insull's Middle West Utilities Company. Wyman is Insull's right-hand man in Maine, but his connections with Gannett are individual rather than in his official Insull position.

In recent years the Insull companies, spurred by Wyman, have invested heavily in textile mills, iron works, shoe factories, paper companies, and any other industries in Maine that they could get their hands on at a bargain. Most of the mills purchased had power sites. There was the combined purpose behind the purchases of acquiring additional power sites, creating a controlled market for Insull power and providing industrial control of Maine.

With the fact that the Gannett-Wyman combination directly controls at least two-thirds of the total newspaper circulation of Maine and is able, through advertising influence or other means, to keep most of the rest in line; that it can exert pressure, through its banks, on many of the leading business men and farmers who must remain in the good graces of the money lenders; and that a substantial percentage of Maine mill workers are employees either of Gannett or of Wyman, the 8,000 majority piled up against the Power Trust on September 9 becomes really impressive. It means that of the free vote of the State a large majority was against the Power Trust and the Wyman-Gannett combination.

The only newspaper in the entire State that actively fought the Insull interests in the export campaign was the two-year-old Portland *Evening News,* edited by Ernest H. Gruening. Two or three other papers were neutral. The rest all fell into line behind Wyman and Gannett.

Wyman made no attempt to conceal the fact that the whole export campaign was Insull-financed and Insull-conducted. Indeed, he seemed to find nothing questionable in the idea of a half million dollar political campaign by a financially interested company for approval of a State law. He explained that the Central Maine Company "regards the passing of this law as of the greatest importance to the people of Maine and to itself," and said that the company "would feel fully justified" in spending money if it felt like it. He bitterly resented, however, charges that the Central Maine was paying for the campaign.

In a campaign debate with Dr. Gruening, Wyman said the campaign fund was donated by the New England Public Service Company and represented profits from the sale of property of that company in Texas. Since New England Public Service is an Insull company and owns all but four shares of the common stock of the Central Maine, the distinction seems slight.

The power forces conducted an intensive campaign. In Central Maine Power Company envelops several pamphlets were sent to electricity consumers and others all over the State. Incidentally, they were printed in the job plant of the Kennebec *Journal,* one of the Gannett papers. Wyman formed "the Surplus Power Export Law Referendum Committee" to write to luncheon clubs and other organizations, "inviting" them to hear power speakers, most of whom were Insull employees. Mr. Wyman himself was the chief of the speakers. The Gannett press indulged in columns of ecstatic reporting of power-trust speeches, and ignored most of the speeches and statements of opponents of Insull. In the closing weeks of the campaign advertisements signed by Wyman and other power officials, urging votes for export, appeared daily in every newspaper of the State except the Portland *Evening News.* Ward heelers and politicians throughout the State were lined up on the "right" side.

Against these efforts, the anti-export forces had less than a dozen speakers and something under $1,000 to spend.

So certain did it seem in the last two weeks of the campaign that the Insulls would win because of their overwhelmingly superior political campaign that observers lost count of the politicians jumping on the bandwagon.

But the Maine voters turned out to be a canny lot of Yankees. They resented the slush fund. They resented the personal nature of the Gannett press attacks on all opponents of export. Above all, they resented the feeling that their banks, their newspapers, and their mills no longer were free. A few thousand doubtless voted against export of power on principle, because it is a twenty-year-old policy. There can be little doubt, however, that the great bulk of the anti-export voters simply took advantage of their first opportunity to slap Insull and the Wymann-Gannett combination.

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Anarchy vs. Communism in Gastonia

By NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Raleigh, North Carolina, September 16

HATE which for months has been smoldering hotly in Gastonia against organizers of the National Textile Workers Union who last April called a strike at the Loray cotton mills there and who are charged with conspiracy resulting in the killing of O. F. Aderholt, Gastonia police chief, flamed into such a demonstration of mob violence during the week following the mistrial of the Aderholt case that the Raleigh *News and Observer* described it as "anarchy for the time being" by which the State of North Carolina "is dishonored and disgraced."

This outbreak of anarchy rose to a bloody and appalling climax on the afternoon of September 14, when part of a mob which had assembled to prevent a "Communist" meeting scheduled to take place in South Gastonia pursued a truck full of union members for five miles and murdered one of its occupants, Mrs. Ella May Wiggins, a member of the union and the mother of five children, the eldest eleven years old. On September 9, just after the mistrial, another mob had raided the union headquarters, kidnapped three union men, and beaten one of them unconscious, surrounded the Charlotte jail, and threatened defense counsel and others sympathetic with the defendants.

Mrs. Wiggins and other union members were driving from Bessemer City to Gastonia to attend the proposed meeting. In the Loray mill section the mob met them, turned them back, and in ten or more cars set out in hot pursuit of them. When the fleeing truck was suddenly blocked by a machine which drove in front of it, the mob fired a volley of shots, one of which struck Mrs. Wiggins in the left breast and lodged in her spine. She soon died. The mob chased other union members across the cotton fields, shooting at them as they ran. Those who stood their ground were not further molested.

In Gastonia where the union meeting was to take place several hundred men had gathered. About fifty officers and special deputies were present so far as is known, and the main effort made by the officers to prevent the threatened riot was to arrest, not the leaders of the mob, but Liston M. Oaks, publicity director for the International Labor Defense, and A. E. Grier, an employee of that organization, who was driving a car in which Oaks, Mrs. Oaks, Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse, and a detective employed by the strikers defense had come to attend the meeting. Oaks was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon and Grier for "reckless driving." The mob then with threats and without interference from the officers drove away members of the National Textile Workers Union who had arrived on the scene, and no meeting was held.

From the time of the first riot on September 9 until the mob murder on the following Saturday it was clear that the overwhelming sentiment in Gastonia was for violently denying to the union members the rights of freedom of speech and assembly. This was shamelessly threatened by the Gastonia *Gazette* in an editorial that appeared a few days before the murder. Soon after Mrs. Wiggins was killed, Governor O. Max Gardner issued a statement denouncing the outrage and declaring that he would exert the full power of the State, if necessary, to compel respect for law and order in Gaston County. Seven alleged members of the mob, including the master mechanic of the Loray mill, were arrested the next day.

On the morning of September 9, Judge M. V. Barnhill ordered a mistrial of the case of the sixteen strikers and union organizers because earlier that day one of the jurors, J. G. Campbell, had gone violently insane. That night a mob estimated as including from 300 to 500 men assembled in Gastonia and raided the strikers' headquarters there, destroying Communist and other union literature and threatening to burn the building. After a similar raid on union headquarters at Bessemer City, a nearby village, the mob returned to Gastonia and kidnapped three members of the union. Part of the mob carried these men in cars out in the country in Cabarrus County and beat one of them until he fell unconscious. The rest of the mob, several hundred strong, also in automobiles, stopped in Charlotte, surrounded the Mecklenburg County courthouse, and with threats sought for defense counsel and other persons who sympathize with the defendants. It is reported that the mob was led by members of the Committee of One Hundred, an organization which is said to be sponsored by the Manville-Jenckes Company, owners of the Loray mill, and which has been actively hostile to the strikers.

The mob gathered in Gastonia with the avowed intention of breaking up a rumored mass meeting which was to be addressed by Hugo Oehler, Southern organizer for the National Textile Workers Union, and Vera Buch, Sophie Melvin, and Amy Schechter, the three women defendants in the Aderholt case who are at liberty under bond. According to John V. Voorhess, staff correspondent of the Charlotte *Observer,* when the speakers did not appear, there were cries of "Run them out of town!" and a riotous cavalcade of more than 100 automobiles was formed, led by a motorcycle policeman. This correspondent says:

"Thousands viewed the spectacle as the cars, with drivers dashing by red signal traffic lights, blowing horns, yelling and banging sides of machines, roared through town." Other reports mention blaring bands and flags. A few machines scattered, but the majority proceeded to the union headquarters near the Loray mill and the yelling occupants poured into the building where copies of the *Daily Worker* and other labor papers were thrown into the air and destroyed. There were also threats of firing the building, but these did not materialize.

"We're all 100 per cent Americans and anybody that don't like it can go back to Russia. . . . Long live 100 per cent Americanism!" yelled the mob.

After a similar raid at Bessemer City, the mob in 105 automobiles surrounded the boarding-place of Ben Wells, C. D. Saylor, and C. M. Lell, members of the union. According to the sworn statement of Wells, about 100 men entered the house and began to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." They then denounced the union

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with much cursing and swore they would shoot every organizer who came to Gastonia. When Wells attempted to speak they dragged him out on the front porch before a crowd of about 500 men. There they put an American flag in his hand and ordered him to denounce the union. Wells, instead, told them that he was a British textile worker—he comes from Lancashire—who had come South to help organize the Southern textile workers and to fight against the conditions under which they work. Whereupon he was silenced and pushed back into the house.

He states that after this the leaders, among whom he identified the superintendent of the Loray mill, conferred and decided to go to Charlotte, "break down the prison doors and bring 'that red-headed bastard, Fred Beal, out and lynch him,' go to the Walton Hotel and get Bill Dunne (American Secretary of the Communist Party), and see that he met the same fate as Beal." Abducting Wells, Saylor, and Lell, the mob then started in cars for Charlotte. On the way, Wells says, they stopped at a filling station, and with a revolver pressed against each side of him, made him telephone to Hugo Oehler, the N. T. W. U. Southern organizer, to meet him on a certain street corner in Charlotte in twenty minutes. He was told to say that he was alone. When Oehler wished to know why Wells wanted to meet him, the abductors cut the wire.

When the mob reached Charlotte the three cars carrying the three union men and about fifteen members of the mob cut down a side street and went on into Cabarrus County. In his affidavit Wells continues:

> On the ride they asked me how much the International Labor Defense paid to knock Mr. Campbell insane. My answer was not to be so ridiculous. I was immediately blackjacked and knocked unconscious for one and a half hours. . . . They told me that they intended hanging me up to a tree and started playing with the rope and with their revolvers. . . . They told me that if they found myself or any other union organizer in the county his body would be found riddled with bullets.
>
> Nine miles past Concord they stopped the cars and pulled Mr. Lell and Mr. Saylor out of a third car and commenced talking to them. They brought me out of a car and immediately told me to pull my trousers off. Then they gave Lell and Saylor a belt apiece. They forced me to bend over and touch my toes and told them to start whipping me. This, of course, they refused to do and immediately somebody jumped on me, threw me on the ground, sat on my head, and about ten of them lashed me with branches from trees on my naked body. At that time a car was coming, and someone shouted, "The law is here!" They let me loose. Not knowing what I was doing at the time I ran about fifty yards and then collapsed. Saylor and Lell picked me up, brought me to, and then we commenced walking toward Concord.

A Cabarrus farmer, who with a friend was 'possum hunting along the creek banks near the road, states that he heard cars stop and several minutes later heard lashes and cries. When he and his companion called their dogs and went toward the sound the whipping ceased and the car doors shut. Upon reaching the road they found the three men, one of whom, the farmer said, had been beaten, but the others appeared unharmed.

Saylor and Lell in affidavits corroborate Wells's story. The superintendent, they name other persons connected with the Loray mill as members of the mob that surrounded their house. The three walked to Concord, several miles from where the beating took place, and reported the affair at the police station. They later went to Charlotte where Wells was attended by a physician.

While the foregoing events were in progress the bulk of the mob had stopped in Charlotte. There they surrounded the Mecklenburg County jail where the thirteen strikers and union organizers accused of the Aderholt killing are confined, and invaded the Court Arcade in which are the law offices of Tom P. Jimison, chief counsel for the defense, and the headquarters of the International Labor Defense. Members of the mob are said to have stated that they were "out to get Tom Jimison" and the prisoners. It is also reported but not verified that some of the mob congregated around the apartment of Mr. Jimison (who was not at home) and searched hotels where defense counsel and members of the International Labor Defense were staying. None of the persons sought, however, was found, and no one was harmed.

In a telephone conversation the next day Governor Gardner ordered Solicitor John G. Carpenter "to leave no stone unturned in prosecuting," and the solicitor promised immediate and thorough investigation. The International Labor Defense plans to bring both civil and criminal actions against the members of the mob. In his affidavit Saylor declares that Solicitor Carpenter, together with A. L. Bulwinkle, attorney for the Manville-Jenckes Company and one of the counsel for the prosecution, was in one of the first cars carrying the mob which reached his boarding-house. Carpenter, however, states that he had no knowledge of the disturbance until he was notified at his home that it had taken place, after which he immediately investigated. Bulwinkle denies that he was a member of the mob. Solicitor Carpenter and George H. Mason, city solicitor for Gastonia, are both counsel for the prosecution in the strikers' trial.

The kidnapping of the union members and the murder of Mrs. Wiggins are all of a piece with events which have preceded them in Gaston County in recent months. Not long after the strike at the Loray mill was called last April a masked mob wrecked the strikers' headquarters, under the very noses of the State militia, which had been ordered to Gastonia ostensibly to keep order. Not one member of that mob was apprehended or punished. It is reasonable to assume that the indefensible indifference of the Gastonia authorities in regard to the first outbreak has been taken as *carte blanche* for persons hostile to the strikers to continue their lawlessness. However, on September 12 warrants were issued for the arrest of fourteen alleged members of the mob, including officials and employees of the Loray mill and police officers who took part in the raid on the strikers' headquarters on the night of June 7, when the police chief was killed. Practically all of these men were witnesses in the trial against the strikers for the Aderholt killing.

There is no doubt that these two outbursts greatly strengthen the contention of the defense in the strikers' trial to the effect that in the shooting affray in which the police chief was killed the guards at the union headquarters were defending themselves and their property, since the prevailing sentiment in Gastonia which was shared by the local officials assured them of no other protection. Hence, in seeking to harm the defendants the mob has helped them.

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Dishonoring the D. A. R.

By HELEN TUFTS BAILIE

NO doubt many Daughters of the American Revolution are fervently hoping to see the blacklist controversy buried in oblivion. But like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. The blacklisting business was symptomatic of a much wider conspiracy to intimidate free thought, in which the D. A. R. have been mere agents. This conspiracy has been exposed, and is being neutralized; but the National Society, D. A. R., has still to set its house in order if it is to avoid repetition of mortifying experiences.

With what looks very like the tacit approval of the membership, officers of the D. A. R. can plunge the society into any project their whims or interest suggest. Indeed, officials definitely affirm that the society is managed "from the top down." Though they claim legality for their acts through the votes of delegates to the annual week's congress in Washington, these delegates come from their chapters uninstructed, and in fact quite ignorant of the measures they will be asked to ratify. Whatever the Resolutions Committee—Mrs. Henry B. Joy, chairman—has recommended, the delegates have promptly adopted, and usually without question or debate. The delegate who disagrees is unlikely to say so, for she well knows the irresistible momentum of the machine.

The system of exploiting large groups in the interest of small cliques is one of the discreditable phenomena of American life. This system has been in full swing in the D. A. R., where the Daughters have grievously failed to keep alive in their organization the spirit of democracy that animated their ancestors and that constitutes their heritage. Last April, just before relinquishing the reins of government, the president of the society lined up the D. A. R. in the "American Coalition"—Fred R. Marvin, secretary—which announces itself as composed of "sixty-three of the leading patriotic societies," joined together to "clean up" America, and "organized" at a banquet in New York City, where fifty-six persons "represented" the sixty-three societies! There are Daughters who have demanded that their society sever all connection with Mr. Marvin. Yet here they are pitched into his company again without so much as a by-your-leave. The inclusion of the National Society, D. A. R., in the rampantly militaristic Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense was not previously acted upon by the membership of the D. A. R., or even by their delegates, and their inclusion in it is probably unknown to many Daughters. The D. A. R. organization is included by its managers among "patriotic societies meeting under the auspices of the Key Men of America" (Fred Marvin's creation), on April 18, 1927, to hear Martin Littleton, attorney for Harry Sinclair, deliver a speech on Radicalism in Washington—a shabby attack on Senator Borah, Senator Norris, and the late Senator La Follette.

In "The Common Enemy," a pamphlet by Marvin officially distributed throughout the D. A. R. at a time of crisis in our diplomatic relations with Mexico, there was a deliberate and inexcusable attempt to inflame the D. A. R. against Mexico.

William B. Shearer's "The Cloak of Benedict Arnold," written as we now know in the interest of shipbuilders and to stimulate demand for a big navy, was eagerly caught up by certain D. A. R. managers, who aided him in distributing it.

Progressively through these latter years the D. A. R. has become the tool of mischief-makers like these. Trade associations that fight labor legislation, politicians who seek private monopoly of public franchise, and invested wealth, distrustful of change, have long employed the services of hacks whose chore it is to divert public attention from buccaneering. These ingenious spirits have earned their living by trumpeting alarm for the safety of the Republic, an alarm that is based on no sound evidence, but that serves their masters well by sending an emotional public chasing after will o' the wisps instead of meddling in reform. Shipbuilders after contracts, and Brass Buttons, a strongly intrenched caste threatened with considerable abbreviation of prerogative, have found these hacks useful, and let them loose on the D. A. R. The membership of the society, stripped of initiative, have seen their national officers captured by a propaganda of hate and fear, instilled into the highly organized "subsidiary" State and chapter framework from the pens and tongues of Marvin, Mrs. Robinson, Hunter, Jung, Cashman, Shearer, Easley, Johnson, Welsh, etc.

In all this propaganda, two main ideas have run alongside each other—imminence of insurrection and invasion; and the prime necessity for substantial increase in our army and navy. The society has been made a cat's-paw for interests that mask their projects in the habiliments of patriotism.

The first suggestions for this line of "patriotic work" undoubtedly came to the D. A. R. managers from military and naval officers and retired officers with whom some of these managers have intimate connection. The "Spider-Web Chart," linking Jane Addams and Mrs. Catt with bolshevism and revolution, emanated from the office of General Amos A. Fries, until last spring head of the Chemical Warfare Service; Mrs. Fries was long publicity chairman for the D. A. R. Lists of speakers officially approved for D. A. R. platforms contain the names of many retired old desk-warriors, who have thundered to the Daughters against Frederick Libby and for preparedness.

The propaganda prepared by Marvin et al. was solemnly pushed into the D. A. R. as "education." The managers' notion of education was—not to invite study and research—but to exact implicit credence through "loyalty" to the "better informed" national officers. Systematic espionage of outside organizations and blacklisted speakers was demanded. All this is a matter of record.

The managers had been caught by a propaganda that describes any process of advance from the *status quo* as the breakdown of patriotism. In the D. A. R. organization this propaganda found conditions ideal. The full beauty of the D. A. R. system of education cannot be appreciated until you realize that the lists of banned speakers is balanced by lists of other speakers indorsed and urged—"speakers of the

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highest order," declared the State Regent of Massachusetts, hard-pressed while exposure was at boiling-point, "who have been working for the ideals and objectives of our society."

Thus Mrs. Peabody defended E. H. Hunter, Mrs. B. L. Robinson, and others who were briskly working the Eastern chapters, untrammeled by competition or challenge within the society.

Mr. Hunter specializes in attack on the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and on the Fellowship of Youth for Peace. He says he possesses the text of a slacker's oath required of W. I. L. members, an assertion fully disproved by the W. I. L., but not subject to denial in D. A. R. chapters. He asserts that the F. Y. P. is a "cult of nudity and free love," and similar elucidation of their principles by "Major" Johnson, Mrs. Robinson, and Marvin led to the shameful outbreak against them in Concord, Massachusetts. Hunter does not say where he gets his information about the F. Y. P. beyond pointing to what he calls their connection with the German Youth Movement: If the German Youth Movement is a cult of nudity and free love—and he says it is—and if the F. Y. P. is a part of that movement—and he says it is—then the F. Y. P. is a cult of the same sort. The craze for physical culture which swept through Germany and which is reaching these shores as infatuation with "sun-tan" has none of the connotations lodging in Mr. Hunter's simple mind; but he has been a D. A. R. educator, and Daughters, exhorted to loyalty toward their superior officers, have been expected to absorb his teaching.

Mrs. Robinson is the figurehead of a little group of women affiliated with the interests that lobby in Washington against reform in industry. These women profess to see religion and the home about to collapse because of what they call "feminism"—the "most alarming movement of the day." This group, old anti-suffragists, associated today as the Massachusetts Public Interests League, were subjected to indignant scrutiny by the public when they tried to spoil Maude Royden's tour in the United States. A typical example of Mrs. Robinson's tactics in anti-suffrage days—and they are still in use—was the following assault on Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.

As publicity chairman for anti-suffrage, Mrs. Robinson wrote fliers for the press. Under date of July 17, 1917, just after our country had gone into the war, when slurs upon the patriotism of suffragists were calculated to injure their cause, Mrs. Robinson wrote and sent out for publication the following statement: "At the suffrage convention on September 9, 1916, Dr. Shaw said: 'What is the flag but a piece of bunting?'" Mrs. Robinson tore that phrase out of its setting. As a matter of fact, what Dr. Shaw did say, as she stood in the Convention Hall in Philadelphia draped with the flags of the Allies, was this:

> This is the American flag. It is a bit of bunting, and why is it that when it is surrounded by the flags of all other nations, your eyes and mine turn toward it and there is a warmth at our hearts such as we do not feel when we gaze on any other flag?

The D. A. R. managers' claim of authority to record the entire D. A. R. membership in favor of the Big Navy bill of 1928 is based on the resolution passed by the D. A. R. congress in 1927, demanding that "the navy, as an essential part of the national defense, be maintained fully in the ratio of 5-5-3." The 5-5-3 program refers exclusively to battleships, whereas the Big Navy bill of 1928 was a cruiser-building program. Whatever the merits of the resolution, it is interesting to trace its history. The resolutions committee introduced in 1927 a motion that "the National Society of the D. A. R. reaffirm the declarations of the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, as set forth in ringing resolutions hereto attached." To this carrying resolution were appended some fifteen resolutions that had just been passed by the W. P. C., which resolutions were preceded by long "whereases," and the whole, if they were read to the D. A. R. congress, occupied an unconscionable portion of congressional time. Even if read, the 5-5-3 item nestled inconspicuously in the welter, and Mrs. Joy recommended the adoption of the whole. Her recommendation was immediately carried, without question or debate. Yet D. A. R. managers seriously affirm that this important resolution was initiated by delegates, and is thus binding on every member of the society.

The National Defense Committee of the D. A. R., with Mrs. Walker at its head, came into being in 1926 through resolutions similarly put through. Said Mrs. Walker, addressing the delegates in April, 1927:

> Sunrise! Dawn! The new day of "Cooperation on National Defense" by the Daughters of the American Revolution is just beginning. The National Defense Committee in still in the morning hours of its existence. Proceeding toward noonday, it should in its natural course become an illuminating force in the nation, throwing light on the dark places, dispelling the gloom of misunderstanding, eradicating the cobwebs of conspiracy, banishing the bats of unbelief and scoffing, purifying the atmosphere of the elements of suspicion, insurrection, and violence. . . . Cooperate! Collect! Evaluate! Disseminate! This is our task.
>
> Picture the organizations at work to undermine the basic principles of our government, having millions at their disposal, trained people by the hundreds at their command. In some cases there are endowments insuring the future continuance of their activities. Surely the foes are already within America and thoroughly equipped and organized for action. . . .
>
> The routine of the Washington office of the Committee on National Defense includes:
>
> 1. An ever-growing correspondence reaching into all the States.
> 2. A digest of conditions throughout the United States by means of questionnaires.
> 3. Amassing comprehensive files on subversive subjects.
> 4. Supplying documentary information.
> 5. Research at libraries and information centers.
> 6. The collection and revamping of current data.
> 7. The reviewing of books and magazines.
> 8. Clipping newspapers and periodicals.
> 9. Preparing and escorting exhibits.
> 10. Mimeographing and reproducing rare material for more general distribution.
> 11. Publication of special material.
> 12. Stimulating activity in the States.
> 13. Interviewing hundreds of callers.
> 14. Supplying information to press, platform, and pulpit.
> 15. Giving speeches before chapters, State conferences, and other groups.
> 16. Meeting with committees and liaison groups.
>
> . . . To skeletonize the outlook for the future, our society seems to have an excellent background for the suc-

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cessful promotion of a thriving Committee on National Defense.

It has a loyal membership.
It has organization machinery in every State.
It has a knowledge of fundamental historical facts.
It has a constituency quickly responsive to patriotic needs.
It has the confidence of government authorities.

Thus did Mrs. Walker sow the wind.

Her committee was enthusiastic. At the Massachusetts State Conference of the D. A. R. in Boston on March 15, 1927, Mrs. Hurd, State chairman of National Defense, said:

> A list of the names of individuals and organizations which seek to embody Communist principles in the management of our government has been forwarded to the regents of every chapter in the country as part of the work in overcoming these influences.

That same month, the blacklists came to my chapter.

The explosion that followed was long due. Not all Daughters are clay in the hands of the potter. Many of them belong to organizations they were told to suspect. Many were disgusted with the speakers sent to harangue them. There had been an undercurrent of protest for at least two years. No attempt was ever made to meet protest fairly and squarely. When the explosion finally came, the managers had no defense but to take refuge in denial and recrimination. They were tireless in covering up their tracks, and after shoals of resignations, the society has shaken down into apparent quiescence. A minority, it is true, are squirming unhappily, hoping for "a change" under new managers. But a vast number are bounded by the chapter, content with its social and often excellent patriotic activities, and really not caring what their national officers do.

Is the honor of the society dear to its members? In its dishonor each member shares.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's attention has been caught by two dispatches, both from London, appearing on the same day in our newspapers. The first was in regard to the prohibition placed upon the appearance of Florence Austral, Australian prima donna, as a choir singer in the festival at Worcester Cathedral. She was barred by the dean because of having married a divorced man, John Amadio, noted flutist, and the latter arraigns the Church of England in a stinging statement in which he says:

> I was married, but legally separated from my wife. I was unhappy and without comfort. I loved Miss Austral and she loved me and we still love one another. We decided then that we must go through everything in the recognized legal way. I was divorced, and my former wife is now happily married to another man. I married Miss Austral.
>
> How dare the church criticize us? Supposing there had been no divorce? Supposing that we had not been brave and moral enough to take the matter to the courts, and lived the kind of life so many others are living today. What is the answer of the church to that? The treatment my wife has received makes it difficult to believe that there can be any comfort in religion. There must be thousands of people here thinking the same and wondering to whom to turn for sympathy.

* * * * *

AS long as the Church of England takes the position that it does on divorce its action against Miss Austral seems logical. But what a simple yet devastating argument Mr. Amadio makes against this position. The Drifter wonders how in an age of changing ideas in regard to sex relations—of new conceptions demanded by modern knowledge of psychology and anthropology—any church hopes to hold its membership while maintaining all the old conventions against divorce. Must not the church, if it is to survive, meet the newer ideas on sex at least half way? Perhaps not. It may be argued that to open the dike at all is to let the sea rush in. The best way for a church to hold its members may be to insist absolutely on all the old prejudices and ignorance. It is a fair prophecy that the fundamentalist churches will outlast the modernist ones. The modernists, having tasted of the Tree of Knowledge, may find themselves presently entirely outside the Garden.

* * * * *

WITH the future of the Church of England, or any other, the Drifter is not greatly concerned, but he is vitally interested in the progress of public sentiment in regard to ethical questions. An example is ten times as forcible as an argument, and Worcester Cathedral has probably done more for sex freedom by its action against Miss Austral than it can counteract with all the sermons that are preached under its roof in the next hundred years—if it lasts that long.

* * * * *

THE other dispatch which caught the Drifter's attention was one reporting the remarks of R. B. Kerr, editor of the *New Generation,* at the congress of the World League for Sexual Reform. Mr. Kerr talked about what England still calls spinsters and we used to revile as old maids. Significantly, the term has almost gone out of use in this country except as applied to a markedly fussy or old-fashioned individual. Mr. Kerr made the truly terrible statement that in England today 40 per cent of the women over thirty years of age are unmarried—a terrible statement, that is, in view of existing moral codes in regard to sex rights and relations. Spinsters, said Mr. Kerr, were the backbone of our humanitarian movements, but "there is no excuse for a system that excludes a large proportion of human beings from all that sex means." And finally: "The time is coming when the distinction between married women and spinsters will vanish," and "eugenic babies" will be so common in ten years that nobody will think them worth a comment.

* * * * *

NO, not in ten years, Mr. Kerr. The world doesn't move that fast. But it is worth remembering that twenty-five years ago the newspapers which paid cable tolls to reproduce Mr. Kerr's remarks would have ignored the entire congress as a gathering of cranks, if not criminals, and would have been afraid to print the speeches if they had been sent in free. Even today they will receive (as will *The Nation*) some shocked protests. But most of the readers will call for more, and the newspapers, knowing this, will supply it.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

One View of Palestine

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is this Naomi? I have always been an enthusiastic reader of *The Nation*. Whenever and wherever justice was in shame, *The Nation* with its redeeming words served as a consolation. It seems, however, that when it comes to the Jews the angels of justice weep in heaven, but not on earth. Even the humanitarian hearts become then frozen cold.

The Nation always spoke like an apostle, pretending to be the conscience of this nation. The conscience of better America, however, has been reflected in the great humanitarian message of our President, Herbert Hoover. The lonely eternal Jewish nation will never forget what Herbert Hoover said in the time of this distress. When the tragic news came from Palestine, shattered to the depths of my soul I ran to buy *The Nation* with a hidden hope that here I should find the great "Accuse." I rubbed my eyes in shame. Is this Naomi?

In the issue of September 4 *The Nation* treats the Palestinian tragedy with an Olympian pseudo-scientific partiality. It has gathered nevertheless some information about the anti-Semitism of British administrative officials in Palestine.

In the next issue of September 11, on page one, an editorial says: "It is easy enough, thousands of miles away, to pick out mistakes in British administration and in Zionist policy," etc., etc. A politician dodging an issue talks that way. If the writer would be really interested in search for truth, not tens of thousands of miles away but only one mile away, he could have found poets, painters, soldiers, judges, workingmen who have lived in Palestine and studied the situation there and who know what *The Nation* does not want to know, namely: (1) That a few effendis are jealous of their position with the Arabian working masses whom they subjected to servitude and are against the Jews because they civilized their serfs and helped to raise their standard of living. (2) He would know that the same masses are not a nation but wild, nomadic tribes living even in the time of peace on loot. (3) He would know that the country was waste and desert for thousands of years and the Jews, in the last twenty-five years, introduced civilization and turned deserts into smiling countrysides. (4) He would know that there are many Arabian states spread all over the East while there are sixteen million Jews living under the same sun as *The Nation* writer who are countryless. (5) He would know that the British administration in Palestine betrayed the Jews. If England continues to betray the Jews and put obstacles in the way of rebuilding themselves and their homeland, and we find no outlet for our hunger to live and create, we shall have to join the forces of destruction. We shall have to teach our children "Oh God, hate England."

Rome fell! Judea lives! Beware of the eternal curses of an eternal nation!

New York, September 9 U. F. Rabinowitz

Another View

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Because 700,000 Arabs feel that they are being robbed of their homeland and exploited by 100,000 Jews, Palestine is today the scene of bloodshed and racial war, according to Dr. George Samne, editor of *La Correspondance d'Orient* and noted Arab authority.

"The grave events of the past week are not surprising," Dr. Samne declares; "their cause is an old sore and the incidents of the Wailing Wall were only a pretext for the ensuing trouble."

"The dominating indisputable factor is the crushing of the great majority of the people of Palestine by a small minority.

"I want to call attention to the report of Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation which states: 'There are in Palestine 800,000 people, of whom 700,000 are Arabs. . . . The Zionist movement irritates the Arabs, who are asking themselves, not without reason, what is to become of them if Palestine is really transformed into a national home for Jews. . . .'

"That is the question in a nutshell," declares Dr. Samne Those who wished to create a Jewish state in Palestine did not consider this at all. They did not reckon on the economic fact that the Arabs were "masters of the soil in their own land." "One of the great ideals in the World War was to give weaker peoples the right of self-determination. In violation of this Wilsonian ideal, Palestine after the war was placed under British protection, as a new state open to the Jews of the world. Thus a vast majority of Arabs were by a stroke placed under Jewish minority rule.

"It is a fact of capital importance that Jews themselves have manifested no eagerness whatever to leave the countries in which they live in order to reside in 'Zion.' They have thereby given proof of much more common sense than the Zionist politicians, who are collecting millions for a foolhardy Utopia and dumping it all into a bottomless well. . . .

"From a purely sentimental and idealistic viewpoint the Zionist movement should be encouraged, but as an economic reality it will always be a vacuum.

"I want the world to know that the present racial conflict in Palestine is not religious in any sense, but of a purely economic character. You might just as well have the American Indian repossess himself of America with the help of strong and influential friends. It is all unthinkable to the Arab world!

"I also want to point out that Jews and Moslems have always lived together on excellent terms in Palestine under majority rule—Mohammedan—which means Moslem rule, of course, and that the Jewish minority always enjoyed absolute and complete religious and economic freedom.

"In conclusion," says Dr. Samne, "it is well for the non-Arab world to know that Arabs also have some rights which Zionist politicians, British guns, and even your collected mighty American dollars must respect and heed."

Paris, August 29 Nicholas Klein

For Chicago Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation* Club of Chicago announces the opening of its 1929-1930 season with a dinner in its new quarters in the Cliff Tea Room, 120 S. Clark Street, on Saturday evening, September 28. A cordial invitation is extended to all readers of *The Nation* in and around Chicago. The charge is $1.50 per person. Mail your reservations to the secretary. Regular meetings of the club will be held on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, beginning in October.

Chicago, September 21 Sol Greenberg, Secretary
1138 N. Rockwell Street

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
September 23—Paul Blanshard

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Books and Drama

Father and Son

By CARLETON DREWRY

Let him be proud awhile under
His armor, and unafraid:
Soon to go naked and blunder
Into the blade.

Let him be riotous and think,
Until the glass be lowered,
That life's most passionate drink
For him is poured.

He will learn in the lull
Of the years, my words be his:
Ah, life could be so beautiful,
Yet never is.

A Free Woman

By JAMES RORTY

The cows are in the barnyard,
The sheep are in the pen;
And she has filled her pilgrim's scrip
And takes the road again.

Something high and something blind,
Lean, and stripped of fear.
Stranger, not for you or me
Is the Devil's Dear.

Not for you and not for me—
Who then will she find
Adrift on moving water
Or borne on blowing wind?

In earth the small seed quickens
To flower in its place
And beckon air and water—
This is its state of grace.

Never the devil's doxie
Shall rest from journeying
Nor dooryard gardens blossom
Nor sober churchbells ring.

But lonely men will startle
Hearing the devil's laughter
And leave their sour curds and go
Mad and follow after;

And roadside stones will shiver
And whimper to be free,
And rotting ships will stretch their sails
To plough the devil's sea;

Forgotten graves will render up
Their unforgotten pain—
The dead men would be shriven
Before they die again.

Something high and something blind—
We praise it with our fear.
Stranger, we'll be sooner dead
Than the Devil's Dear.

The Triumph of Time

The Captive. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.

Répertoire de Personages de "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." Par Charles Daudet. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

THOSE impatient persons who insisted upon taking "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" at a single gulp were perhaps less wise than those who have been content to wait for the English volumes as they have appeared one by one. The vast work certainly gains something if the experience which reading it affords is spread out over years; and some sense of duration, of changes taking place in time, is necessary for the appreciation of its full effect. Nor need one, now that an index is provided in the "Répertoire," fear that he will forget any necessary details, since he may by its aid easily refer to the most significant passages concerning any character.

"The Captive" yields to none of the previous volumes in interest or beauty. The first half, concerned chiefly with the inward life of the hero during the period when he was attempting to satisfy the demands of his morbid jealousy by exercising the most minute surveillance over every detail of Albertine's life, is one of the most curious of the many analyses of abnormal emotional states which the work contains; but the second half, dealing more largely with other personages and including a magnificent account of the musical soirée which M. de Charlus arranged for the Verdurins, is even more interesting, since Proust's power of creating character and atmosphere is, despite the greater attention which has been paid to his subjective analyses, perhaps the most remarkable of his gifts. It is obvious that even his own personality interested him hardly more than that of the cruel, perverse, and yet charming Charlus (certainly the most fascinating character in the long list of his dramatis personae) who is here exhibited in all the magnificent insolence of his social genius.

The form of "Cities on the Plain" seemed to me to be determined by its author's conception of society as an artificial institution whose arbitrary standards supplied him, as novelist, with those necessary lines of reference which he could not discover in any rationally defensible scheme of ethics; the form of "The Captive" seems to be, on the contrary, determined by something more closely related to the conception referred to in the key-words "Temps Perdu" of the general title; by, that is to say, the sense of a certain instability as so much the most striking of human characteristics that the discontinuity of experience becomes the most significant feature of one's personal history.

Proust was doubtless led to his all but obsessive interest in the contrast between the absolute value of our desires while they last and the rapidity with which they can, nevertheless, utterly disappear, by his own experience with the complexities of the sexual passion. Though assigning a wholly romantic value to this last he nevertheless completely dissociated the idea of love from the idea of permanence, and his realization of the

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fact that a change in his dominant desire made, in effect, a new person of him led him to notice how many similar if less striking examples of the same phenomenon are to be observed when we consider the interests, opinions, and even manners of a man. And at last it came to seem to him that it was folly to speak of himself, of Albertine, or of Charlus as though any one of them were an entity maintaining its identity while time flowed past, and that a novel could be significant only if it were everywhere dominated by the sense that even the personalities for which the constantly recurring names stand are as fluid as the medium through which they float.

I have no way of knowing to what extent Proust was aware of the fact that this dominant concern of his was related to the concern with space and time or the absolute and the relative, with the different aspects of which so many of his contemporaries have been busy. I do not know whether or not he realized that in accepting time as a universal solvent he was rendering it impossible to set up, even within the realm of a single work of art, any of those monumental personalities or passions or principles which give to classic works the air of existing in some eternity exempt from the destructive influence of the flux which makes all merely human things insubstantial and trivial. But whether he realized it or not, he should be the arch enemy of all who hold any classical conceptions of either personality, art, or morals. Others have struggled to rescue something from the flood; they have cherished at least the delusion that there are certain rocks around which the waves break. But his is a universe in which every molecule is fluid.

For Proust, memory is the only enemy of time. It alone links what we are with what we were, and hence it gives a false sense of continuity to our lives. Through its aid, the time that is past may be recovered after a fashion, and to recover it is a necessity if we are to seem to ourselves to have any enduring identity. But even memory rather collects than joins together, and what it gives us is a bag of dissimilar fragments. The aggregate of them is what any one of us calls himself, but it remains only an aggregate, not a meaningful whole. Hence to remember is the last expedient of the man who feels himself dissolving in the eternal flux, even though it leaves him aware that memory alone serves to separate even the detritus of himself from the common ruin into which the passions and purposes of each moment are thrown by the next.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An Imperfect Philosophy

Gestalt Psychology. By Wolfgang Köhler. Horace Liveright. $4.

AMERICAN psychologists have long suspected *Gestalttheorie* of concealing a philosophical doctrine at the heart of its argument, and for that reason most of them have made little effort to understand it. Their suspicion must now certainly be substantiated by Wolfgang Köhler's treatise, at the same time that Köhler's explicit formulation of the philosophy underlying gestalt psychology must challenge their characteristic disinclination to consider any theory too obviously tainted by "philosophy."

The challenge is threefold: first, in that the early chapters contain a critical examination of the naive objectivism of the behaviorists, and of the over-simplified mechanism common to both the traditional mentalistic structural psychology and the most radical materialistic behaviorism; second, in the development of the principles of gestalt psychology as a special case of a general ontological theory of *Gestalten;* and, third, because the experiments which Köhler reports cannot be understood without reference to the theory in terms of which they were conceived and executed. This last point is, perhaps, most penetrating, for it is the dominant tendency in American laboratories to make the experiment the thing, as if it were an agency of revelation to be invoked, but never to be understood as the mere creature of a methodology which, in turn, is the formulation of theoretical postulates in terms of instruments and arbitrarily controlled situations. Köhler's book should stop the familiar controversy as to whether the experiments of the gestalt psychologists prove anything new. They prove nothing, and least of all the theory, unless to prove means to illustrate, to demonstrate, or show by a spectacle what has already been said by analysis.

The philosophical theses from which the details of gestalt psychology, including the experimental results, can be deduced assert, first, that nature is a hierarchical organization of whole-part structures; second, that nature is experience and that the distinction between matter and mind derives from the analysis of experience, the differentiating concepts of physics and psychology being intellectual constructs rather than descriptions of existent entities, such as "physical objects" and "mental states"; third, that all relations are internal and hence parts and wholes are reciprocally determinative and determined; and, lastly, that natural events are always a development of such whole-part structures, and therefore all processes of change can be understood as the occurrence of wholes (patterns or *Gestalten*) internally determined.

The critical argument of Köhler's book is implied by these postulates. Behaviorism distinguishes, in terms of a naive epistemology, between objective and subjective as equivalent ontologically to physical and mental; and, viewing the organism and its behavior as members of the physical world, it applies thereto the simple concepts of classical mechanism: atomism, external relations, and efficient causality. Hence the analysis of all behavior into the mechanisms of reflexes and conditionings, the latter being only accidental combinations of reflexes. Introspective or structural psychology is founded similarly on this seventeenth-century "natural philosophy," dealing with sensations instead of reflexes, and the complexes produced by the accidental association of sensations instead of conditional reflexes. In short, Köhler here applies to the traditional psychology of both kinds the same type of criticism which Whitehead has made of Newtonian physics. The "constancy hypothesis" which Köhler points out as underlying the doctrine of pure sensations is a special case of the fallacy of simple location in classical mechanics. Köhler's dynamism is equivalent to Whitehead's organic mechanism.

The positive construction of gestalt psychology also follows as an application of these fundamental assumptions to traditional psychological subject-matter. Perception, association, and reproduction are dynamical part-whole processes, analyzable in terms of the properties of organized wholes. Perceptions and memories are not products of the fortuitous contiguities of past experience but are intrinsically determined by the circumstances of their occurrence. On its descriptive and experimental sides, gestalt psychology seeks to classify these conditions phenomenologically and to create them in the laboratory under control.

This construction is crucially defective, however, in both philosophical and psychological respects. Köhler abandons the phenomenalism of his critical chapters by using the old realistic dichotomy of the structures in the perceptual field versus the physical objects perceived in order to discuss the correspondence of physical and psychological *gestalten;* and adopts a form of atomism by treating the physical media of light and sound as constituted by "indifferently" related elements, thus contradicting the fundamental thesis of the ubiquity of organization. On the psychological side, the inadequacy arises not only from

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the forced rendering of act, impulse, and emotion in terms of passive cognition, but also from the subtle equivocation of "sensory field" and "visual field." It might be suggested here that the gestalt psychologists would profit by an attempt to translate the Freudian metapsychology as a dynamism of emotion and motivation, as well as by a study of Brentano's basic concept of the psychic act.

The trouble with gestalt psychology is not that it is too philosophical, but that its present formulation is philosophically not competent enough. It has made no effort to undertake a part-whole calculus. It has failed to understand itself in terms of relevant theory, both contemporary and historical. An instance of the former is its half-hearted and unclear adaptation of the phenomenological approach of Husserl, for which Köhler often substitutes a confused phenomenalism. Its somewhat arrogant pretension to originality, also, has prevented it from seeing that its insistence upon formal as opposed to efficient causality, and its analysis of the objective forms of cognition are Aristotelian doctrines. To recognize this would not be merely a matter of just historical perspective, for what is at once the most perplexing and the central concept of gestalt psychology would be illumined if "insight" were conceived as the "active intellect" of the *De Anima*.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Realism and Mannerism

How Like a God. By Rex Stout. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

THE qualities of this first novel are real and exciting, but the attention is liable to be diverted from them by the undue prominence of two affectations. The first is the telling of the story entirely in the second person: a continuous retrospective soliloquy addressed to himself by the hero. Three hundred pages of this have one of two effects upon the reader: according to his temperament he is either irritated (almost, one might say, insulted), in which case the fine emotional values of the book are blurred; or he becomes habituated to the point of being unconscious of the innovation, in which case it has no particular value. The second affectation is a more serious one as it is bound up with the very structure of the book. As William Morton Sidney mounts a flight of steps to kill a woman (whose identity is not revealed until almost at the close of the story), he goes back over his unsatisfactory past life, recalling step by step some incident in which one of five unusual women has figured. The ascent of the flight of stairs cannot possibly require more than five minutes; yet we are asked to believe that Sidney can relive in his mind, in more or less logical sequence, dozens of complicated encounters, conversations, soliloquies. It is useless to term this "a mere convention," for it is upon the assumed reality of this "convention" that Mr. Stout clearly bases much of his intended dramatic effect. It is unreal; and that is all there is to it. Furthermore, the suspense in which the reader is held as he tries to guess which of the five women "you" are to murder is of the detective-story order, and accordingly unworthy of many of the author's carefully conceived psychological nuances.

Reworked so as to fall into the straightforward pattern of a direct third-person narrative, "How Like a God" would lose some of its sensational aspect but it would gain in genuineness. Even with all its trickery weighed in, however, it is an unusual book. The central character is remarkably conceived: a successful business man who all his life has been dominated by a wearisome good fortune and who, his energy sapped by an ease he never should have enjoyed, is unable to extricate himself from a horrible sexual dilemma except by murder. The Dostoevskian situation is resolved without recourse to melodrama and is related in a style icy with self-contempt. The book is a trifle too long (the plot and idea are much better suited to the dimensions of the novelette), but it is thoroughly interesting and has an air of maturity about it few American first novels possess.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Finding Borrow

George Borrow. By Samuel Milton Elam. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

MR. ELAM has read every word written by George Borrow and almost every word written about him. This biography, he says, is based on what Borrow wrote of himself, and one wonders at Mr. Elam's choice of subject. There is so little love in this labor! It would be difficult to upset the facts that Mr. Elam selects as evidence of salient qualities in Borrow's character. Borrow *was* an amateur philologist despite his genuine feeling for language. He was a doubter, though he sold the Bible for profit. When he knocked his man out, it was by accident; and when he made love, it was by innuendo in Armenian. But Isobel Berners, who spoke in English, would not thank Mr. Elam for the violent hands he has laid on that scene in the dingle.

"George," writes this author, "understood that literatures are not builded of statistics." Neither are portraits. Dissection is the job of a surgeon, not a creator. Mr. Elam contends that Borrow contributed nothing to literature but "The Bible in Spain." But the Borrow "clique" that Mr. Elam mentions is perhaps not so small as he imagines. It includes even poets who don't refuse the name of literature to "The Romany Rye" and "Lavengro." "Finding Borrow," says this author, "was a hard job; George wrote so much." Borrovians will wish that Mr. Elam had let George do the job for them—as indeed he did.

NORAH MEADE

Lincoln Legends

Myths After Lincoln. By Lloyd Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

WRITING in the staccato paragraphs of an ultra-modern news reporter, Lloyd Lewis has assembled in a single volume virtually all of the sporadic folk-tales that have sprung up, provincially, about the name of Lincoln, since his death, and that of John Wilkes Booth, his destroyer. He prefaces his house of myths with a portico of one hundred and fifty pages in order to introduce his reader to his somewhat faulty interpretation of Lincoln's simplified plan of reconstruction, to narrate the incidents leading to the tragedy at Ford's theater, and to describe the events of the President's funeral train from Washington to Springfield, through a succession of cities seeming to rival one another in exhibitions of patriotic emotion, "half circus, half heartbreak." He has scanned the newspapers and books of the period for the public reaction to the assassination in the pulpit, the press, and the Cabinet, and he plays up the war-worn Stanton's panicky fear of the Confederacy's connection with Booth's fanatical crime. He accents the well-known ground of advantage the radicals in Congress saw in the event for the success of their iron attitude toward the South's reconstruction in the Union.

Booth's story as an actor, his murder of the President, his temporary escape, his death by Boston Corbett's pistol-shot in Garrett's Virginia barn, his secret burial, and the trial and punishment of his accomplices are told with journalistic freedom and fluency. Mr. Lewis fills in his narrative with many

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interesting sidelights and character sketches. In the wake of numerous minor myths, reverberating out of the national shock from the tragedy, several larger stories have gathered head and persist to this day, especially in the South, where the psychology has seemed to be better suited to their credulity. Among Lincoln's putative fathers Patrick Henry (who died before Lincoln was born) and John C. Calhoun, with several others, have had their provincial following. The abortive attempt of Chicago counterfeiters to steal Lincoln's body, in 1876, started the rather widely spread story that the tomb at Springfield is empty.

Probably the most persistent myth of all is the story that Lincoln's slayer was never taken; that his announced burial by the Secret Service was a scheme to claim the $50,000 reward proclaimed by Stanton. Several Booths have appeared here and there in the South. All Lincoln students are familiar with "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," written with elaboration and apparent seriousness by Finis L. Bates, a Memphis lawyer, in 1907, accounting for Booth under the alias of John St. Helen, in Texas, as early as 1872, and identifying St. Helen with a drug addict by the name of George, who, on his deathbed in Enid, Oklahoma, in 1902, announced himself as the original Booth. A few years ago, a romance by a Southern novelist, based upon the Bates book, revived interest in this fake Booth.

Careful students of Lincoln and of the events of the Civil War period have continually run against these Lincoln and Booth myths, and have been interested in the credulity of the myth-loving folks in communities where they are nourished. Lincoln, because of his great humanitarianism, has been America's best subject for legendary creation. But myths cannot flourish or become national in our day of shrewd and enterprising publicity. Mr. Lewis's tabloid presentation of the Lincoln-Booth folk-tales, Barton's "Paternity of Abraham Lincoln," and Wilson's recent "John Wilkes Booth" are but a few illustrations of the point.

LUTHER E. ROBINSON

Railway Pioneer

Trails, Rails and War. The Life of General G. M. Dodge. By J. R. Perkins. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

ALTHOUGH this volume has been published under the auspices of the Historical, Memorial, and Art Department of Iowa, it by no means represents the best in historical treatment. General Dodge, while not a brilliant military officer, was a pioneer engineer in the development of railroads, shrewd, farsighted, and able. A graduate of Norwich University in 1850, this Massachusetts boy early sought the West and drifted easily into railroading, beginning as a surveyor and settling by 1857. From then until the Civil War he was profoundly absorbed in the problem of transcontinental railroad construction. Never a radical Abolitionist, he was utterly opposed to the rendition of slaves from free territory and early in the struggle saw the military value and necessity of depriving the South of the services of its slaves.

Entering the army as a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, he speedily became colonel of the Fourth Iowa, which he led at Pea Ridge, and later brigadier and major general, to be severely wounded near Atlanta when commander of the Sixteenth Army Corps. Constantly he was drawn away from purely military work to undertake the most difficult engineering feats. If it could be done, Dodge could do it, usually quicker than anybody else. His wound terminated his active military service, and he was made commander of the Department of Missouri. After the war he took to the building of the Union Pacific Railroad many of his former officers and men. Always he won the respect and admiration of all with whom he came into contact. He remained as chief of the Union Pacific until 1870, eight months after the road was finished.

Although interested in military affairs all his life, Dodge, like Sherman, Sheridan, and Grant, was anything but a militarist. Indeed, he considered the World War "a great crime" and scorned the suggestion that it would "make the world safe for democracy." Fortunately for his happiness General Dodge died before the United States entered the war.

This is not the definitive life of this admirable pioneer. It is not thorough and often not clear in its statement of Dodge's movements and work and there are numerous slips in names and titles which should have been caught.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Books in Brief

The Middle Ages. By Edward Maslin Hulme. Henry Holt and Company. $5.50.

Professor Hulme has based his book upon a set of outlines for the medieval period which Professor George L. Burr, of Cornell University, printed some years ago for the use of his classes, but which unfortunately have never been published. Teachers who have seen the outlines have recognized in them an extraordinarily able guide to the events, and particularly to the spirit, of the Middle Ages, and Professor Hulme has ventured, he tells us, to rearrange or depart from them in only a few minor respects. The last two chapters, however, on medieval art, learning, and literature, are new. The book, accordingly, is distinguished by its emphasis upon the cultural aspects of the period, the development of the church, the universities and schools of thought, and forms of social life, and the contacts between Western Europe and its eastern neighbors. The style is simple, the narrative is not overcrowded with data, and controverted topics are judiciously presented. The volume is the latest addition to the American Historical Series which Professor Charles H. Haskins, of Harvard, is editing for college or university use.

The Encircled Serpent. By M. Oldfield Howey. David McKay. $7.50.

Like the proverbial ass between two bales of hay, Mr. Howey has been the victim of fatal hesitation. In bidding for the attention of a large group of readers he has produced a work hardly lively enough for the layman, and not sufficiently detailed to form a real contribution to the special literature of his subject. Mr. Howey has painstakingly traced the use of serpent symbolism in the religions and folk-lore of all ages. His adherence to a general outline has not prevented the inclusion of interesting, if extraneous, material regarding the part of the serpent in primitive art, medicine, necromancy, and cosmogony. The result is an impressive mass of data, arranged with a good deal of ingenuity but a very imperfect appearance of scholarship.

La Vie de François Rabelais. Par Jean Plattard. Paris et Bruxelles: Les Editions G. van Ouest.

For a writer who is read no more than François Rabelais, he is astonishingly much written about. When Victor Hugo, who followed the fashion and wrote a good deal about him without reading him much, qualified him as "Rabelais que nul ne comprit," he placed him very justly. His difficulty is no doubt one reason for his appeal to scholars. From 1903 till 1913, Professor Abel Lefranc published his *Revue des Etudes*

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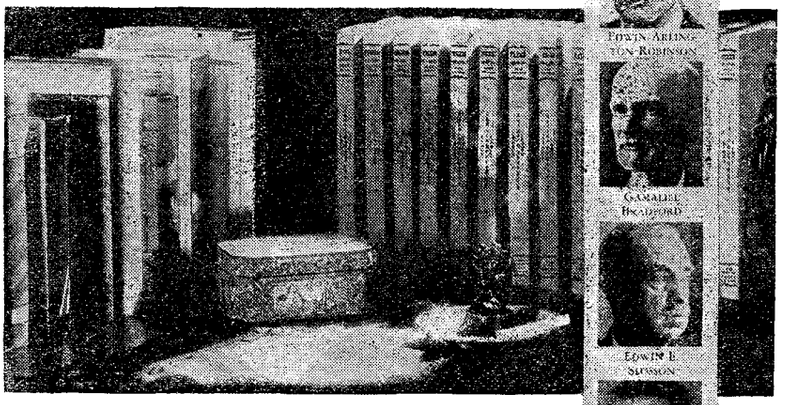

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Rabelaisiennes, dealing with Rabelais from cover to cover. Since 1913 that publication has been the *Revue du Seizième siècle,* but Rabelais is still a principal theme. Professor Plattard is a disciple and collaborator of Lefranc's, and his large octavo volume "L'Œuvre de Rabelais (Sources, Invention et Composition)," published by H. Champion in 1910 and crowned by the Academy, now has a fitting companion volume in this generously illustrated compendium of all that is known about the zestful old scholar's life. That is not much, but the book sets a large and always careful background of sixteenth-century culture and customs. It is one of the handsomest books ever printed, and no doubt will remain for a long time the authoritative reference life of the profane Benedictine monk whose temperament and influence show so many points of similarity with a less profane German Augustinian monk of the same generation, by the name of Martin Luther.

Old World Masters in New World Collections. By Esther Singleton. The Macmillan Company. $10.

Miss Singleton in arranging her book was guided by what all must agree is an excellent principle, namely, that of beauty. Art, to her, is "something to refresh the mind," and she feels sure that many will welcome a book in which not the slightest suggestion of suffering enters. Hence she has eliminated all crucifixions, pietas, martyrdoms, and tragedies. Besides the criterion of beauty she uses that of the dollar. She gives the latest sale price of twelve pictures, the lowest of which is $206,850, while the total value of the pictures discussed in the book "soars beyond the millions into the billion dollar class." The book is only ten dollars.

Four Faces of Siva: The Detective Story of a Vanished Race. By Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

The mighty temples of Cambodia, rediscovered in the Malay jungle less than a century ago, are to the Old World what the Maya cities are to ours. Degenerate descendants of the powerful Khmers fear the spell of the cities where their ancestors once ruled; and modern historians have difficulty in puzzling out the story of this people. At their height the Khmers must have numbered millions; they built scores of cities, and temples with façades five times as wide as that of Notre Dame; they carved literally miles of intricate and delicate bas-reliefs in stone which must have been hauled a hundred miles by man-power and lifted, in twenty-ton units, to a height sometimes of two hundred feet. And then they died, leaving descendants with few traditions of their greatness and no explanation of their fall. Mr. Casey tells the story ecstatically and colorfully, so breathlessly indeed that the reader is sometimes at a loss to tell what is history and what is Mr. Casey's literature.

The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment. With Other Poems. By Michael Wigglesworth. Edited with an Introduction by Kenneth B. Murdock. With Drawings adapted from early New England Gravestones by Wanda Gag. The Spiral Press. $7.50.

The first of a series of reprints from older American literature, this is not only an exquisite piece of bookmaking—the head and tail pieces by Wanda Gag alone being worth one's money, and the press work being of a most distinguished sort—but a product of scholarship as well. Mr. Murdock knows New England theology so well that he can say just what is worth saying in his introduction about this perhaps most famous of all our early poems. That it is a monstrosity of faith he recognizes; but he can explain that faith better than most students could, and he has written half a dozen wise and amusing pages.

Drama

Ship-Shape

MOST producers are willing to take a chance on anything which they genuinely believe to be a masterpiece. They will beat the big drum for art when the gesture can be made convincingly heroic, but on all minor occasions they prefer—understandably enough—the sure thing. Mr. Arthur Hopkins has, however, the distinction of almost invariably risking the novel. He is so impatient with stereotypes that even his less ambitious attempts are very likely to have at least the charm of the unusual, and though even he finds masterpieces rare he may usually be depended upon to keep out of the beaten track. His reputation is enviable and he has sustained it by the production of an unclassifiable comedy, founded upon some incidents in "Peregrine Pickle," entitled "The Commodore Marries" (Plymouth Theater). One-half of the audience finds it delightful; the other half is resentfully bewildered, not because the play is either obscure or especially profound but simply because it is not, in plot or intention, precisely like any other seen during the last season or two.

The Commodore referred to in the title is retired and a little bit mad. He has transformed his house into the semblance of a ship, and he maintains a crew which rings bells at appropriate times, speaks in seaman-like fashion, and even, occasionally, reefs imaginary sails when a storm arises. Everyone

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is happy with song and drink until the Commodore takes it into his head to get himself married to an ageing female of the neighborhood who has scant sympathy with the ways of the sea. She instals a crayon portrait in the place where the mast used to be, she defiles the cabin with a sofa, she abolishes the pleasant institution of the watch. Worse than that, she deprives both commander and crew of their freedom, and when at last it is discovered that she is "robbing the ship's stores" she is condemned to walk the plank—i.e., go out by the front door. When she has gone, sanity reigns once more in the mad household.

Now "The Commodore Marries" is not without its tincture of philosophy. On the metaphysical side this philosophy is distinctly Cervantesque, since it implies that if we do not like the world as it is we are at perfect liberty to imagine it to be something else and to cultivate some sensible sort of insanity like that which the Commodore had so successfully achieved; on the ethical side its teachings are even simpler, and may be summarized in the form of one dogma and one commandment: "Women are a nuisance. Chuck them out." But intriguing as this philosophy is, the success of the play depends less upon it than upon the rapidity of the action and the fine flow of animal spirits. Kate Parsons, the author, has devised a gorgeous language for her central character. She has filled his mouth with salty oaths and all manner of high astounding terms. She has made of him a most fascinating Don Quixote, and she has had, moreover, the good fortune to have the role interpreted by Walter Huston, who gives one of the finest performances seen here in a long time, submerging his personality completely in the part and making a memorable figure out of the absurd, pathetic, and ingratiating old man.

Every reader of old novels and old plays knows that there is a kind of extravagant and usually brutal farce for which we have almost completely lost the taste. With our ancestors it seems to have been responsible for a considerable part of the entertainment which they got out of Rabelais and Cervantes as well as Smollett, but we are likely to find it something of an impediment to the enjoyment of such authors. The loud guffaw, the eager delight with which they anticipated the execution of the elaborate practical joke, do not arise in us at the appropriate moment, and we find ourselves rather embarrassed than diverted by the antics which follow. Under the circumstances one would hardly expect the success of a play founded on "Peregrine Pickle"; one would fear mirthless proceedings like those which commonly make far too large a part of revivals of the "Merry Wives" or adaptations from Dickens. But Miss Parsons has somehow succeeded in translating Smollett into modern terms. She is robust, extravagant, and boisterous, but she is all these things in a fashion which has no suggestion of antiquarianism about it; and there is not, indeed, anything in the play itself which suggests any non-contemporary source. What she has done is to assimilate the fun of her author and then restate it in a form to us more readily comprehensible than that of the original. That is no small achievement and, to my mind at least, it makes "The Commodore Marries" very much worth seeing.

"Houseparty" (Knickerbocker Theater) is all about a corpse hidden in the closet of a fraternity house while the festivities appropriate to the event referred to in the title were in progress. It has moments of effective melodrama, but there is an unending stream of collegiate chatter too literally appropriate to the tongues of sophomores to be other than exasperating, and there are innumerable epigrams some of which constitute crimes hardly less serious than murder and certainly less easily pardoned than the involuntary homicide responsible for the corpse above referred to. Exampla gratia: When one rah-rah boy has likened a flapper to Helen of Troy another exclaims: "Is this the mouth that staunched a thousand lips?"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Life and Property in the Caribbean

II. Protection of Property

By JONATHAN WICKWIRE

IN examining the case for the protection of American property, there appear reasons for suspecting that it is the Latin-American republics which need protection against the Americans owning property within their borders rather than the reverse.

It is a rather curious fact, and possibly a relevant one, that many of those Americans who are often lauded for the benefits they have conferred on Mexico and the other Caribbean countries have records here at home of which their friends are less proud, or at least, less talkative. Let us examine a few outstanding cases.

There is the case of Edward L. Doheny. Mr. Doheny was for a dozen years at the front of every movement for intervention in Mexico, with Albert B. Fall as his mouthpiece in the United States Senate and in the Cabinet. Harry F. Sinclair also has been an ardent supporter. Both Doheny and Sinclair have large property interests in Mexico, and Doheny's have been much larger than they are now. Both have large property interests in the United States, though both have suffered recent reverses.

Of one property interest of which Doheny recently has been unburdened, the Elk Hills lease, the United States Supreme Court recently said:[1]

> The contracts and leases and all that was done under them are so interwoven that they constitute a single transaction, not authorized by law and consummated by conspiracy, corruption, and fraud.

Of the Fall-Sinclair Teapot Dome lease the same tribunal said:[2]

> The lease and agreement were made fraudulently by means of collusion and conspiracy between them.

It seems a fair assumption that men who would attempt to mulct their own government by "conspiracy, corruption, and fraud" might not be too tender of the moralities in dealing with weaker foreign governments and peoples.

It seems a pity to destroy the myth so carefully nurtured by his attorneys and press agents that Edward L. Doheny ventured into Mexico, risking his life among bandits and tropical fevers, and discovered for himself the petroleum which has since enriched hundreds of his countrymen, many Europeans, even some Mexicans, and Mexico itself, netting Mr. Doheny some 40,000 per cent on his investment during the twenty-five years he has been in the field.

Here are the facts for which Mr. Doheny personally vouched at the second annual meeting of the American Petroleum Institute in Chicago in 1921, in a speech later embodied in a handsome leather-bound book published by his Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company for circulation among his friends.[3] "Our previous successes in California," said Mr. Doheny, "led to our going on this prospecting trip in a private car, traveling with passes."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Doheny traveled into Mexico on a private train, as the guest of the late President Don Porfirio Diaz, screened even from the annoyance of flies and mosquitoes, from the Mexican border down into Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas. There, at appointed stops, he was met by competent escorts who guided him short distances, three miles in one case and five in another, to oil seepages and chapapote beds known even to the ancient Aztecs. Mr. Doheny may be credited, at most, with knowing a good thing when he saw it.

This de luxe prospecting trip was made in May, 1900. Within a year, before his first well was brought in, Mr. Doheny had acquired title to 450,000 acres of choice oil lands. By 1906, when his great Cerro Azul gusher stunned the petroleum world with the wealth of its production, he had acquired an additional 600,000 acres. Another 350,000 acres was added to his holdings from time to time, bringing his total claims to 1,400,000 acres. His investment risk in this enterprise, loosely estimated at "hundreds of millions" in his interventionist propaganda, appears, in fact, to have been almost as negligible as the risk to his life.

Mr. Doheny, moreover, told the American Petroleum Institute that he and Canfield, one of his partners, "advanced a large part of the $3,000,000 invested before income began in 1910." How much is a "large part" of $3,000,000 and what were Messrs. Doheny's and Canfield's respective contributions to this "advance" is unimportant now, as the loans long have been repaid. Careful research has disclosed a maximum of only $800,000 original permanent cash investment by Doheny and his associates up to 1910, when the various companies they then had organized began to pay their way and show profits. Presumably, Mr. Doheny had invested $400,000 of this, since he owned 51 per cent of the stock of the companies. It was this $400,000 which, having yielded during the fifteen-year interim approximately $25,000,000 in dividends, developed into the $140,000,000 interest in the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company which he sold to the Standard Oil Company of Indiana in 1925.[4]

Such was the profit from a property which, according to Fall and Doheny, was constantly in danger from bandit chiefs and grafting officials, saved from destruction and confiscation only by constant diplomatic pressure upon Mexico by the United States Government. Few American concerns operating in the United States under the most stable conditions can show such a record during the same period, which included the profitable years of the World War.

Some American undertakings in the Caribbean region, it stands to reason, must have miscarried, but the record for the major enterprises, as disclosed by the study of Moody and other financial authorities, is one of consistently generous

[1] 279 U. S., p. 456.
[2] 275 U. S., p. 13.
[3] "Mexican Petroleum, 1922." Copyright by Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company; edited by W. J. Archer.

[4] New York *Times*, 1925, March 11, 1:2; March 12, 29:4; April 2, 1:8. Cf. Carleton Beals in *New Republic*, February 23, 1927; Moody's Industrials. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the former chairman of whose board, Robert W. Stewart, was involved in the liberty-bond deals of the notorious Continental Trading Company, has long had a princely stake in the Caribbean region, to which it added in 1925 by the reported purchase of Mr. Doheny's Mexican interests for $140,000,000. Of this amount, $40,000,000 is said to be withheld pending proof of title to some 1,400,000 acres of land long in dispute between the Mexican Government on the one hand, and Mr. Doheny and the American State Department on the other.

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profit. Most of them started with small capital, often with none save the enterprise and experience of their founders, and their present huge investments generally are the result of reinvestment of surplus earnings, not of original hazardous investments of large sums of North American money.

Take the case of William C. Greene. He founded what is now the Greene Cananea Copper Company, reported by Moody in 1926 as having assets of $55,771,820 and as having earned that year $584,456 net profits after carrying $5,460,664 to surplus account. Something of the source of this great investment may be gained from the report of the directors of its predecessor, the Greene Consolidated Copper Company, already a healthy infant in 1901, on a then recent acquisition of land upon which are located the rich Elenita and Alfredena mines.

"All of these mountains," runs the report of the fourteen directors meeting at El Cananea, Sonora, that year, "are heavily covered with a growth of pine timber and are a portion of the land recently purchased by Mr. Greene for the company. The timber alone is worth many times the purchase price of the lands."

Or study the history of the United Fruit Company,[5] with its present immense interests scattered throughout the Caribbean region. This great concern, with a present investment of a quarter-billion dollars, had its origin in 1870 when Captain L. D. Baker, a Cape Cod trader, brought to the United States the first recorded cargo of bananas in an eighty-five-ton schooner and profitably disposed of it. Apparently there were no excessive profits in those early days of the banana trade, for it was fifteen years (1885) before Captain Baker was able to organize the Boston Fruit Company with the small capital of $20,000; by 1890 this had been increased only to $100,000.

Probably competition had something to do with this slow growth. Captain Baker had barely got under way when a rival appeared in the person of Minor C. Keith, who went to Costa Rica as a youngster of twenty-three to work on a railroad contract undertaken by his three brothers in 1871. The three brothers died of tropical fevers, but Minor Keith was of tougher metal, and, the railroad contract lagging, took a chance in the newly founded banana trade, making his first shipment in 1872, just two years after Captain Baker had made the start.

His was not the only competition Captain Baker had to meet, however. During the twenty-seven succeeding years 114 concerns entered the business. The fight for trade was fierce, with no quarter given, and only twenty-two of these firms remained to be gathered in when, in 1899, Captain Baker and Mr. Keith decided to consolidate their interests as the United Fruit Company.

This concern was organized with an authorized capital of $20,000,000. Of this amount $11,230,000 was subscribed, though only $1,650,000 of this was cash, the balance consisting of allowances of $5,200,000 for Captain Baker's Boston Fruit Company holdings and $4,000,000 for the Keith properties. One year later, in 1900, the United Fruit Company made its first report, showing assets of $16,949,753, a gain of more than four million dollars for the year, and declared its first dividend of 10 per cent on the subscribed capital.

[5] "The Story of the Banana," 1921, edited by Philip K. Reynolds and published by the United Fruit Company.

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The United Fruit Company has never passed a dividend, though the multiplicity of its interests has subjected it to the real and alleged impositions of every Caribbean government, during the scant thirty years in which it has increased its eleven-million-dollar investment more than twentyfold.

It would be impracticable to go thus minutely into the history of all the great American enterprises in the Caribbean. Just a word, however, about the sugar industry, next to petroleum the favorite American investment in the Caribbeans, with two typical situations taken at random from among dozens that might be noted.

The Santo Domingo-Porto Rico Sugar Company reported, for 1926, $32,000,000 assets under a $16,000,000 capitalization. It had produced 181,000 tons of sugar that year, compared with 61,000 in 1912, and its operating earnings were $3,243,000, compared with $46,000 in 1921. The Cuban Dominican Sugar Corporation nearly doubled its production between 1921 and 1926 and quadrupled its annual revenue, from $5,008,061 to $20,033,000.

Turn now to a brief but significant statistical survey of the petroleum industry in Mexico during the years when that country was torn by revolution and the pressure here for American armed intervention was continuous, beginning in 1912 and becoming almost overwhelming at its peak in 1921, under the urging of former Senator Albert B. Fall in the early months of the Harding Administration. Note the incidence of increase in interventionist propaganda with that of Mexican petroleum production gains.

Production in Mexico, more than 85 per cent of it by American companies in the later years of the period, is given in millions of barrels: 1912, 16.5; 1913, 25.6; 1914, 26.2; 1915, 32.9; 1916, 40.5; 1917, 55.2; 1918, 63.8; 1919, 87.0; 1920, 163.5; 1921, 194.7; a gain of nearly 1,200 per cent.

It seems evident that cries for intervention for the protection of American property in the Caribbean region are, as a general rule, simply demands that Americans be protected in their efforts to increase already generous, sometimes unconscionable profits, and by methods which would not be tolerated even in that paradise of profits—the United States.

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